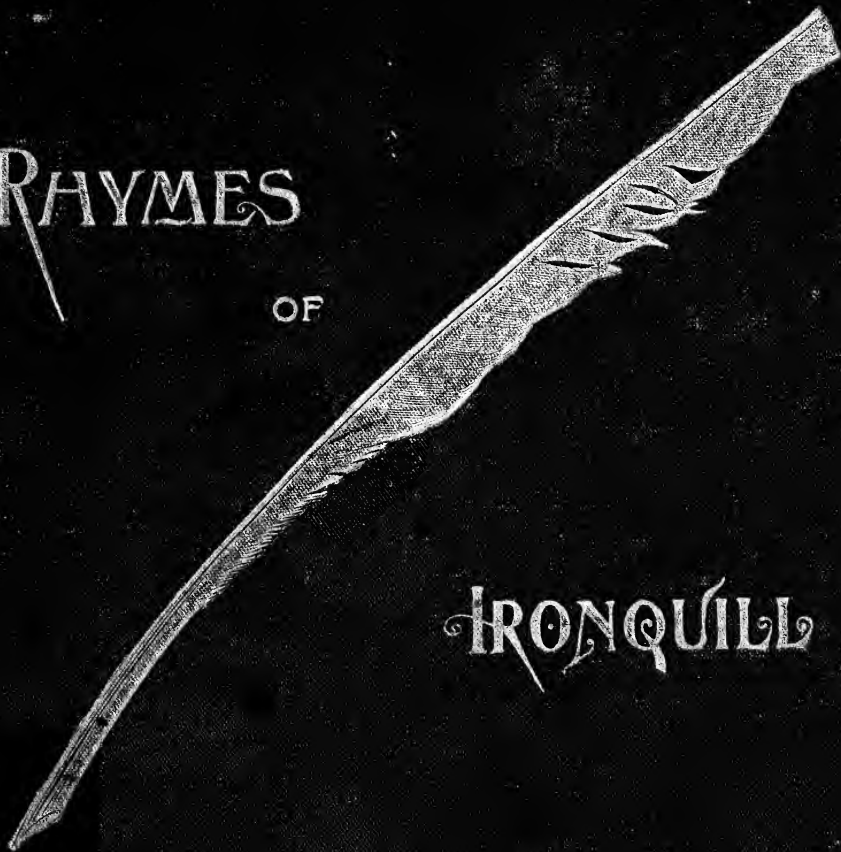




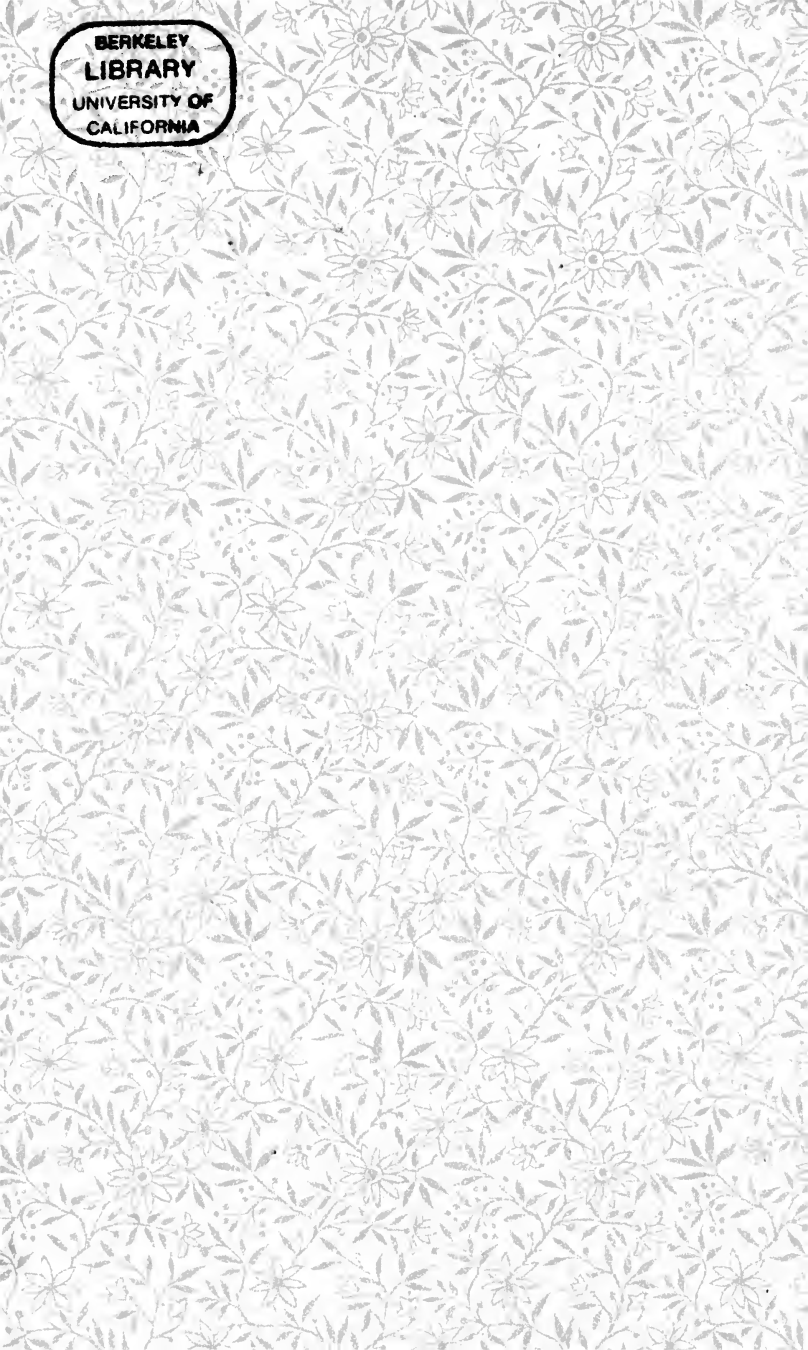
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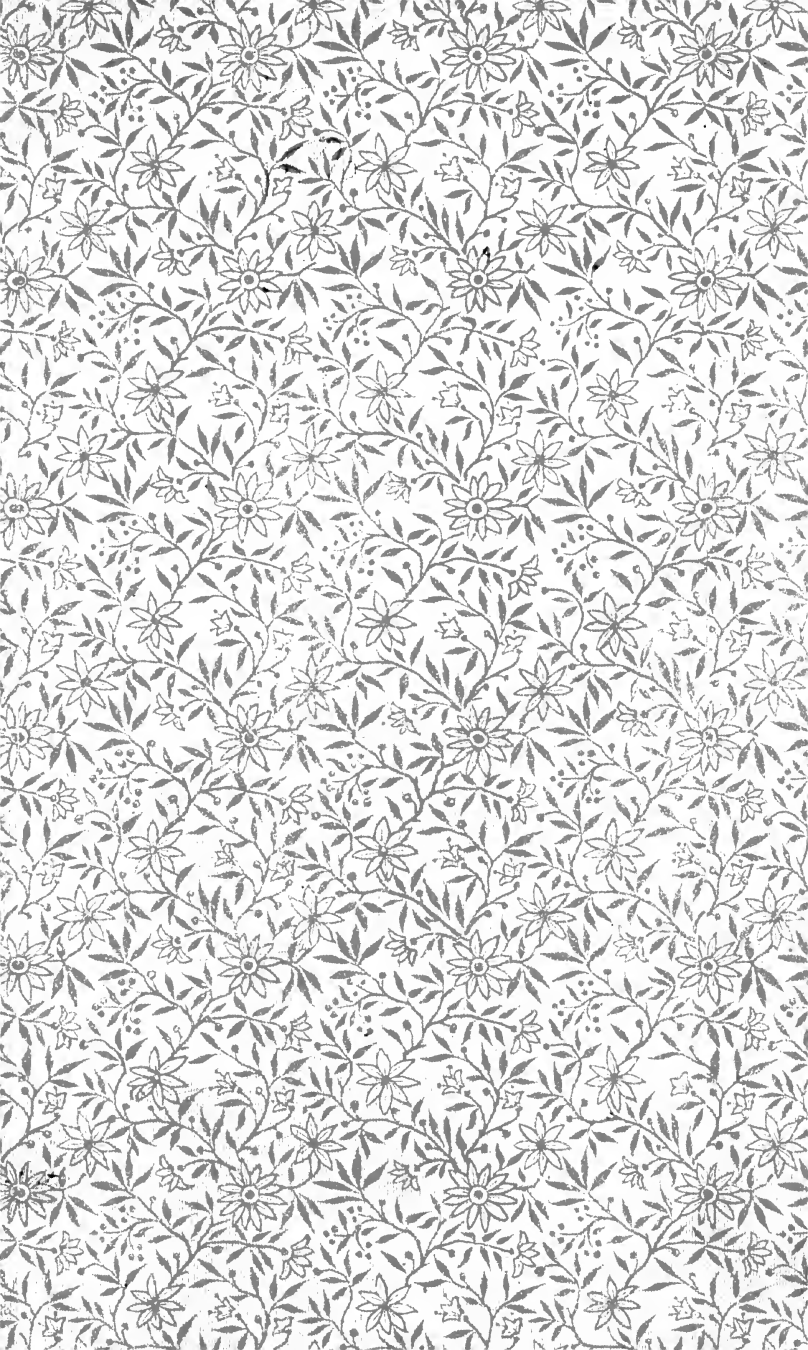
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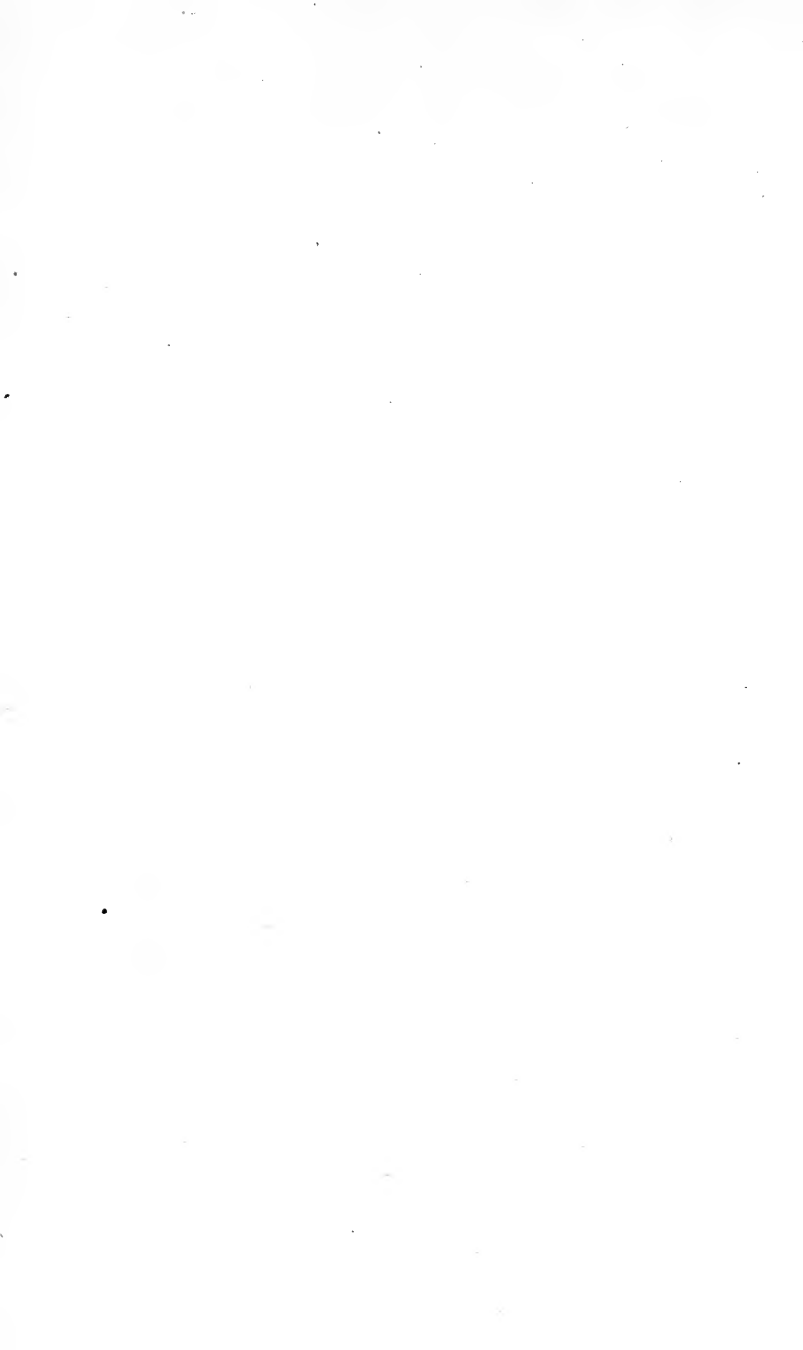
IRONQUILL



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RHYMES OF IRONQUILL

I'll wear Arcturus for a bosom pin.

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1889.

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PREFACE.

O'er sunny Kansas
Some commercial Cadmus,
 In days unknown,
 The teeth of golden dragons must
 have sown;
For when the prairies
Feel the breath of summer,
 The trowels ring,
 And from the soil the burnished
 cities spring.



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RHYMES.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
 In the suds and in the soap,
 Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone,
 “With a Savior for a friend,
 He will keep me to the end.”

Sometimes happening along,
I had heard the semi-song,
 And I often used to smile,
 More in sympathy than guile;
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
 As she sang about her friend
 Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee
Working all day long was she,
 As her children, three or four,
 Played around her on the floor;

But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long,
“With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end.”

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,
Of a Savior and a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools;
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

OH'D.

[A local editor having come to us, stating that times were good but "events" scarce — that accidents positively refused to happen, although surrounded by the most fortuitous circumstances — that people distinguished between their own and their neighbors' property with unusual accuracy, and that some poetry must be had for the occasion, the following inspiration was furnished him for a dollar.]

Oh, that some burglars
Into stores would break,
And heaps of "swag"
Feloniously take.

Oh, that two houses
Would take fire in town,
And one of them burn up,
And one burn down.

Oh, that some one would strike,
With angry frown,
A seven-foot man — or coal bank —
Near our town.

Oh, that some person
Who despaired of life
Would run away
With some one else's wife.

Oh, that they'd catch
And bring some mighty thief
Here to our town,
Judge Margrave and to grief.

Oh, that some fiery
Horses would break loose,
And, like a gambler,
Play the very "deuce."

Oh, that some politicians
Would take pride
In killing rascals off—
By suicide.

The gold of Ophir
We may Oh! and owe for,
But now—just now
It's "locals" we must go for.

KRITERION.

I see the spire,
I see the throng,
I hear the choir,
I hear the song;
I listen to the anthem, while
It pours its volume down the aisle;
I listen to the splendid rhyme
That, with a melody sublime,
Tells of some far-off, fadeless clime—
Of man and his finality,
Of hope, and immortality.

Oh, theme of themes!
Are men mistaught?
Are hopes like dreams,
To come to naught?
Is all the beautiful and good
Delusive and misunderstood?
And has the soul no forward reach?
And do indeed the facts impeach
The theories the teachers teach?
And is this immortality
Delusion, or reality?

What hope reveals
Mind tries to clasp,
But soon it reels
With broken grasp.
No chain yet forged on anvil's brink
Was stronger than its weakest link;
And do not arguments maintain
That many links along the chain
Cannot resist a reason strain?
And is not immortality
The child of ideality?

And yet — at times —
We get advice
That seems like chimes
From paradise;
The soul doth sometimes seem to be
In *sunshine* which it cannot see;
At times the spirit seems to roam
Beyond the land, above the foam,
Back to some half-forgotten home.
Perhaps — this immortality
May be indeed reality.

THE FISHER MAIDEN.

[From the German of Heine.]

Thou maiden with eyes so dreamy,
Thou child of the waves and spray,
Thy home is beside the ocean,
Where the surf and the breakers play;
Come sit thee down here beside me,
And list to the words I say.

My heart is a stormy ocean;
And out on its rocky slopes
The turbulent billows are flinging
The spars, and the keels, and the ropes —
They are wrecks of my aspirations,
The wrecks of my ruined hopes.

My heart is an angry ocean;
The gales as they come and go,
Do strew it with wrecks and ruin;
But down in its light waves low
The shells and the pearls and corals
Do glitter and gleam and glow.

Wilt thou launch on this stormy ocean,
Thou child of the waves and spray?
'Twill float thee securely forever,
Wherever thy bark may stray,
Till the crimson of life's last twilight
Shall fade in the west away.

POLITICS.

Ever so many the childhood friends
That started ahead of me,
With fearless ignorance, fearless hope,
To sail on the vitriol sea;
Little they knew of the depth or the scope
Of the treacherous vitriol sea.

Some of them sailed in boats of wood —
Think of it! sailed with glee,
In boats of wood — yes, painted wood!
Out on that vitriol sea;
It eat the boats up — wood was not good
To sail in a vitriol sea.

Many tried brass, and some tried glass,
To sail on the vitriol sea;
Mindless alike of corrosion or storms,
They sailed with a fearless glee;
Happy to-day, but to-morrow, in swarms,
To be wrecked in the vitriol sea.

“Where were they going,” I hear you ask,
“That sailed on the vitriol sea?”
Well, that is a something I do not know,
A mystery even to me;
But still they did go, and determined to go
And sail on the vitriol sea.

SHADOW.

The day has been vague, and the sky has been bleak,
And things have gone backward the whole day long;
The friends as I met them did scarcely speak,
And vainly the things I have lost I seek !
And I'm weary and sad—and the world is wrong.

The morrow has come, and the sky has grown clear,
The world appears righted, and rings with song;
The friends as I meet them are merry and cheer,
The things that I thought I had lost reappear,
And the work drives forward the whole day long.

As the strings of a harp, standing side by side,
Are the days of sadness and days of song;
The sunshine and shadow are ever allied,
But the shadows will fade, and the sunshine bide,
Though to-day may be dim and the world go wrong.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC DOCTOR.

If like cures like,
Explain to me, my brother,
How is it doctors
Cannot cure each other?

THE SUNSET MARMATON.

O, Marmaton! O, Marmaton! from out the rich autumnal west, there creeps a misty, pearly rest, as through an atmosphere of dreams, along thy course, O, Marmaton! a rich September sunset streams. Thy purple sheen, through prairies green, from out the burning west is seen.

I watch thy fine approaching line, that seems to flow like blood-red wine fresh from the vintage of the sun. The spokes of steel and blue reveal the outlines of a phantom wheel, while airy armies, one by one, march out on dress parade. I see unrolled in blue and gold the guidons where the line is made, and, where the lazy zephyrs strolled along thy verdant esplanade, I see the crested, neighing herd go plunging to the stream. I hear the flying, shrieking scream of startled bird. The Kansas day is done.

O, Marmaton! O, Marmaton! thou hast no story and no song; unto the vast and empty past in which thy former life was cast, thou dost not yet belong. No mountain cradle hast thou had; along thy line no summits shine, no cliffs, no gorges, stern and sad, stand in the waning twilight, clad in melancholy pine. Thou art the even tempered child of prairies, on whose verdure wild eternities have smiled.

O, Marmaton! O, Marmaton! be patient, for thy day will come, and bring the bugle and the drum. Thy fame shall like thy ripples run; thou shalt be storied

yet. Within this great and central State, the destiny of some great day upon thy banks is set. Artillery will sweep away the orchard and the prairie home, and while the wheat stacks redly burn, armies of infantry will charge the lines of works along thy marge, while cavalry brigades will churn thy frightened waters into foam. The spell of centuries will break, and thou shalt suddenly awake, and have a story that will make a nation's pulses thrill. And when again thy banks are still, no new admirer of the time can say of thee in feeble rhyme: "O, Marmaton! O, Marmaton! thou hast no story, and no song; thou hast no history of wrong; unto the vast and empty past in which thy former life was cast, thou dost not yet belong."

O, Marmaton! O, Marmaton! the centuries will pass along, and slowly, singly, one by one, repeat thy story and thy song. Thy time abide, O, Marmaton! while side by side, O, Marmaton! the shadows o'er thy prairies glide, thy prairies wide, O, Marmaton! For nations come and nations go, whither and whence we do not know. Great days in stormy years though hid, great years, dark centuries amid, will ever and anon emerge, like life boats drifting through a surge where billows sweep and mad winds urge. Of future heed, O, Marmaton! thou hast no need, O, Marmaton! with quiet force, in quiet course, still murmur on, O, Marmaton!

A SEA-RIOUS STORY.

From Panama to San Francisco bay,
An overcrowded steamship sailed away.

The third day out, a husky miner came
Up to the clerk, and calling him by name,

He said: "Your ship is crowded, sir, a heap
Too much for me; find me a place to sleep."

The clerk responded, with a stately smile:
"Sleep where you've been a sleeping all the while."

"It kaynt be did," the miner answered quick.

"I slept upon a deck hand who was sick;

"He's convalessed, and now since he is stronger,
He swears he won't endure it any longer."

The clerk was pleased to hear the miner's mirth,
And fixed him with a "snifter" and a berth.

TARPEIA.

Upon the massive walls
The cloudless moonlight falls;
It silver-plates the portico and fane;
The tawny Tiber drifts
By castellated cliffs,
And bears its sluggish wavelets to the main.

While from her azure height,
The Niobe of night
Looks wanly down, so sad yet so serene;
The Sabine army waits
Before the massive gates,
That guard the citadel, Capitoline.

Anon the silver fades
From walls and colonnades;
Clouds scarred with fire hurl down the vengeful rain;
Impelled by gusty waifs,
The tawny Tiber chafes,
And hurls its turbid foamage to the main.

No more the angles sharp,
Of bastion and of scarp,
Project their outlines on the moonlight sky;
But silent and unseen,
The high Capitoline
Fades in the shades that low and misty lie.

Amid the darkening damp,
The Sabines leave their camp,
Before the gate their solid columns go;
And there Tarpeia stands,
With her unaided hands
To open wide the portals to the foe.

Then spake the king to her:
"What gift shall I confer,
O, maid of Rome, so daring and so fair?"
The Roman maiden spake:
"Those jewels I will take,
That on their arm your Sabine soldiers wear."

The eager columns march
Beneath the rugged arch;
They crush the maid with bracelets and with shields.
A pledge is kept, and broke;
And in the din and smoke,
The lurid fire the doom of war reveals.

Then comes the gloomy gray,
The harbinger of day —
Hurled from the rock Tarpeia finds a grave;
And flaring like a flume,
The Tiber through the gloom
Transfers the tomb out to the cryptic wave.

* * * * *

Hope's signal torch is seen
Upon life's Esqualine,
Its Quirinal, its rocky Palatine;
From battlemented walls,
Life's merry warder calls
The hourly watches from Capitoline.

O, Fate! behind a mask,
You promise all we ask —
Wealth, honor, health, and happiness and fame;
And then you keep, yet break,
The promises you make —
You take the substance and you leave the name.

Some ask of you a crown,
A scepter, or renown;
Some claim the jewels that your bright arm bears;
But then, alas, you fling,
With every given thing,
The weight of troubles and the crush of cares.

Perhaps 'twere best to wait
Behind the rugged gate,
To ask no favor from your ready hand;
To fight, and ask no charm
From off your jeweled arm,
And be not crushed with favors we demand.

THE AZTEC CITY.

There is a clouded city, that doth rest
Beyond the crest
Where Cordilleras mar the mystic west.

There suns unheeded rise and re-arise;
And in the skies
The harvest moon unnoticed lives and dies.

And yet this clouded city hath no night —
Volcanic light
Doth give eternal noon-tide, redly bright.

A thousand wells, whence cooling waters came,
No more the same,
Now send aloft a thousand trees of flame.

This clouded city is enchanting fair,
For rich and rare
From sculptured frieze the gilded griffins glare.

With level look — with loving, hopeful face,
Fixed upon space,
Stand caryatides of unknown race.

And lofty colonnades are there, of green,
Hard serpentine,
Carved on whose shafts strange alphabets are seen.

And from triumphant arches, looking down
 Upon the town,
In porphyry, sad, unknown statesmen frown.

And there are lofty temples, rich and great,
 And at the gate,
Carved in obsidian, the lions wait.

And there are palace homes, and stately walls,
 And open halls
Where fountains are, with voiceless waterfalls.

The ruddy fires incessantly illumine
 Temple and tomb,
And in their blaze the stone-wrought blossoms bloom.

From clouds congealed the mercury distills,
 And forming rills,
Adown the streets in double streamlet trills.

As rains from clouds, that summer skies eclipse,
 From turret tips
And spire and porch the mobile metal drips.

No one that visited this fiery hive
 Ever alive
Came out but me—I, I alone, survive.

THE KANSAS HERDER.

He rode by starlight o'er the prairies dim,
While melancholy, with an aimless whim,
Through trackless grass was blindly leading him.

And then he said: "Beneath the heavens' blue curve,
There has been fate misfortune would not serve,
There has been love misfortune could not swerve."

But as he spake these words, it seemed that they
Fell volatile, like autumn leaves, and lay
Till zephyrs came and swept them all away.

And then he said: "O, words of love, alas!
Lighter than feathers, frangible as glass,
Always the last to come, always the first to pass."

The prairies, ever echoless, did make
Him no response—impassible, opaque,
The night air smothered what he wildly spake.

The prairie larks sang at the break of day;
He heard them not, but as he lifeless lay
He wore a smile, faint, thoughtful, far away.

THE KANSAS OCTOBER.

The cheeriness and charm
Of forest and of farm
Are merging into colors sad and sober;
The hectic frondage drapes
The nut trees and the grapes —
September yields to opulent October.

The cottonwoods that fringe
The streamlets take the tinge;
Through opal haze the sumac bush is burning;
The lazy zephyrs lisp
Through corn fields dry and crisp,
Their fond regrets for days no more returning.

The farm dog leaves the house
To flush the pinnate grouse;
The languid steers on blue-stem lawns are feeding;
The evening twilight sees
The rising Pleiades,
While autumn suns are to the south receding.

To me there comes no thrill
Of gloominess or chill,
As leaflets fade from branches elm or oaken;
As lifelessly they hang,
To me there comes no pang;
To me no grief the falling leaves betoken.

As summer's floral gems
Bequeath us withered stems,
And autumn-shattered relics dry and umber;
So do these lives of ours,
Like summer leaves and flowers,
Flourish apace, and in their ripeness slumber.

THE BLUE-BIRD OF NOVEMBER.

The wind is howling wildly, like a drove of lean ki-yutes;
The steel-clad, floating, freezing storm-cloud from the
northwest comes.

I'm in my cheerful office, reading poems, and my boots
Are poked up on the stove, which with a blazing hod-
full hums.

I'm reading of a blue-eyed, wandering, hopeful little
princess looking for a home.

I lay my book of poems upside down upon a chair—
I step up to the window, where a box of fine-cut stands;
Says I, By jings, these princesses are getting mighty
rare;

And always have such *dreadful* times with lovers and
with plans,

I'd like to see a useless, blue-eyed, wandering little
princess looking for a home.

“The world is full of sympathy, the world is full of
homes;
The world is full of friendships, though hidden they
may be;
When gone are friends and sympathy, perforce the
creature roams,
Invoking them, imploring them, at large, o’er land and
sea.”
(That’s what this maniac poet writes, about this blue-
eyed little princess looking for a home.)

See here, you straggling blue-bird, hopping on the win-
dow sill!
You hop and flop and flutter, like a worn-out Greeley
flag;
You’d better hunt your roosting place; it’s winter, and
it’s chill,
And hoarse, bleak, evening ice-storms after one another
tag.
Says she, “Unhappy me; I’m nothing but a wandering,
useless little blue-bird, hunting for a home.”

Says I, Then skip for Texas, it isn’t far away;
Go down to where warm gulf mists through the orange
branches swoop;
Light out to where the sunshine dances on Galveston
Bay,
The winter-blossomed Brazos, the vine-lined Guada-
loupe.
If I were an itinerant, useless, homeless blue-bird, with
your wings, I’d find a home.

Says she, "Speak not of Guadaloupe, the Brazos, the
Bay—

The winter-blooming prairies of that sunny-hearted
zone;

I have flown through orange branches, I have floated
on the spray;

I discover no companions, and I find myself alone.

I find myself a lonesome, sad, unsocial little blue-bird,
longing for a home."

Into the raging stove I then did boost a hod of coal,
And raising up the winter-crust sash-bar from the
sill,

Says I, Your lonesome feelings I to some extent condole;
Tramp in; here's feed and firelight, be a tenant at your
will;

And listen while I read a lovely, long-haired poem of a
princess with no home.

"The world is full of happiness, the world is full of
homes,

The world is full of sympathy, though hidden it may be.
When gone are friends and sympathy, perforce the
creature roams,

Princess or blue-bird, seeking them, over the land or
sea."

That's what this gifted maniac says, about his little
blue-eyed princess looking for a home.

THE GEESE AND THE CRANES.

It is sunrise; in the morn
Stands a field of ripened corn;
 And the rich autumnal rays
 Of those sunny Kansas days
Fill that field of ripened corn
 With an opalescent haze;
And the flocks of geese and cranes
Pick the fallen, golden grains.

It is noon-time; and the rays
Of the Indian summer blaze;
 And the field of ripened corn,
 Much more shattered than at morn,
Seems emerging from the haze;
 Fewer geese, but far more cranes,
 Pick the fallen, golden grains.

It is evening; and the haze
Of the short autumnal days,
 Like a mantle, seems to rest
 On the dark and leaden west;
Shattered is the field of maize;
 Homeward fly the geese, the cranes
 Linger, picking golden grains.

It is midnight; rains and sleet
On the blackened landscape beat,
And there nothing now remains
Of that field of standing corn.
But through darkness, sleet and rains
Comes the crying of the cranes,
As they search through fields forlorn,
Fighting for the final grains.

Hours the grains, and life the field
Where the golden grains are had;
And our habits, good and bad,
Represent the geese and cranes
Eating up the golden grains.
Few the habits that are best,
And they early go to rest;
But through sleet and midnight rains
Heard the clamors are of cranes
Fighting for the final grains.

FAILURE.

An old man sat upon the porch at evening;
Down in the west the clouds were banked and sullen;
No one was near him, and with withered tone,
The old man spoke unto himself alone:

“My life has been a vanity and failure;
My wife, my health, my fortune taken from me;
While strange disaster, striking far and wide,
Has scattered all my children from my side.

“And here I am alone, without a dollar,
The hopes of youth all shattered and abandoned;
My life a failure—failure from the first,
A vanity, a failure, of the worst.”

Adown the west he looked with gloomy sorrow,
And as he spoke the sky grew more tenebral;
From time to time the cloud banks lit with flame,
And fitful zephyrs came, and died, and came.

Upon his staff his hands were clasped and trembling,
Upon his hands his brow in sorrow rested,
And the sad west did seem as if to take
A tinge more dark and dismally opaque.

Then all at once there seemed to stand beside him
A being draped as if with phosphorescence—
A form of beauty, that might aptly seem
To be the emanation of a dream.

So beautiful and good it seemed, no mortal
Need but behold her once to idolize her ;
While character and sympathy and grace
Shone like an inspiration in her face.

She placed her hand upon the old man's shoulder,
And spoke in words of magic tone and feeling :
“ Why thus, my father, do you sadly brood
O'er withered hopes with which all life is strewed?

“ Your life, though toilsome, has not been a failure ;
Old age may find you left without a dollar ;
But earth has blossomed where your hands have
wrought,
The world grown wiser where your lips have taught.

“ Those coming first build up for those who follow,
Shaping the future though they know not of it ;
As on the slow-wrought ledges coralline
The continents of future times are seen.

“ Though in old age, without a friend or dollar,
He who has spent a life of honest labor
Can say with certainty, when life is done,
That his has been a most successful one.

“ There is no place, except on earth, for dollars —
Your scattered children will be reunited ;”
And then she stooped and kissed the old man's cheek,
And said, “ My father,” but he did not speak.

The vision vanished, but the old man moved not,
The grief was over, and the failure ended;
While on the lifeless face, serene and fixed,
There seemed a smile as if of peace unmixed.

Down in the west the banks of cloud tenebral
Did lift and scatter in the viewless ether,
And in their stead, with mild and steady light,
There shone again the jewels of the night.

QUESTION.

To his courtier spake the Czar,
Looking o'er the fields afar:
"Count the plowmen that you see,
And their number tell to me."

From the palace porch afar
Looked and answered he the Czar:
"In the distance there are two—
Two is all there are in view."

"Rightly spoken," said the Czar,
"Two the men that plowing are;
Tell their number, if you can,
If we call that *plow* a man."

Quickly answered he the Czar:
“Two the men now plowing are;
Call that plow a man, and then
THREE the number of the men.”

Flashed with anger then the Czar,
And his eye gleamed like a star,
As he looked the courtier through:
“Wrong, sir, WRONG! still, only two.

“Who shall stand beside a Czar,
With an empire spreading far?
Who shall give advice to kings,
Knowing not that things are things?

“By the edict of the Czar,
Get thee to Caucasus far;
Till thy life has taught thee when
Things are things, and men are men.”

NEWSPAPER LOCAL.

FOUND—A lady's rubber shoe, near Main street bridge, which can be had by calling on the undersigned.

We'd like to know what fairy little foot
This straggling, wandering overshoe encased;
What teeny, tiny, tasty little “toot”
This red-lined, roaming “injun-rubber” graced.

A bachelor whose heart was iron-cased,
Or any other idiotic feller,
Could mourn himself to death on this misplaced
And wandering souvenir of some Cinderella.
If she ain't single, then these words we waste;
For stern and glum
Some married man may come
And interview us with an umberrella.

THE GRANGER'S TEXT.

Long the Topeka convention wrangled,
"Good men for office" got into a balk,
Grange nominations were hopelessly tangled,
Sargent got up and gave them a talk;
Said to the delegates quarreling so.
"Smooth it over and let it go."

Many a time I have thought of the quarrel
That "good men for office" so often reach;
Many a time I have thought that a moral
Shone like a lantern in Sargent's speech;
When he suggested to friend and foe
"Smooth it over and let it go."

When a fierce editor, boiling with fury,
Paints you with hot, editorial tar,
Don't start a libel suit, don't hire a jury,
Don't seek redress from the bench or the bar;
Lies sometimes vanish, facts always grow,
"Smooth it over and let it go."

When you consent to be placed on a ticket,
When you have made up your mind to run,
Leg it your best — the political thicket
Tears off your clothes, but makes lots of fun;
If you are minus a vote or so,
“Smooth it over and let it go.”

Efforts and hopes may be lighter or graver,
Either in politics, business or fame;
Things may go crooked, and friendships may waver,
Nevertheless the rule is the same;
Facts will be facts; when you find it so,
“Smooth it over and let it go.”

THE SERENADE.

In the pale light
The angel of the night,
With silver sickle, reaped the western stars;
Across my sleep,
Dreamless as well as deep,
There came a ballad, whose remembered bars,
Brought back to me a day —
A year long passed away.

An old, old song,
Although forgotten long,
Brings childhood back as songs alone can bring;
We see bright eyes,
Behold unclouded skies,
We re-inhale the fragrance of life's spring;
While, as of unseen bird,
Rustle of wing is heard.

Shall our last sleep
Eternal stillness keep?
Shall pulseless dust enclose a dreamless soul?
Or shall we hear
Those songs so old and dear,
As mid tempestuous melodies there roll
Upon our waking ears
The choruses of spheres?

DECORATION DAY.

[Recited at Arlington.]

It is needless I should tell you
Of the history of Sumter,
How the chorus of the cannon shook its walls;
How the scattered navies gathered,
How the iron-ranked battalions
Rose responsive to the country's urgent calls.

It is needless that I tell you,
For the time is still too recent,
How was heard the first vindictive cannon's peal;
How that brothers stopped debating
On the then unsettled question,
And referred it to the arbitrating steel.

It is needless that I tell you
Of the somber days that followed —
Stormy days that in such slow succession ran;
Of Antietam, Chickamauga,
Gettysburg, and Murfreesboro',
Or the rocky, cannon-shaken Rapidan.

It was not a war of conquest,
It was fought to save the Union,
It was waged for an idea of the right;
And the graves so widely scattered
Show how fruitful an idea
In peace, or war, may be in moral might.

Brief indeed the war had lasted
Were it waged in hope of plunder;
Briefer still had simple glory been its aim.
But its long and sad duration
And the graves it has bequeathed us
Thoughts of glory, gold, or conquest disproclaim.

Need I mention this idea,
The invincible idea,
That so seemed to hold and save the nation's life;
That, resistless and unblenching,
Undisheartened by disaster,
Seemed the soul and inspiration of the strife.

This idea was of freedom —
Was that men should all stand equal,
That the world was interested in the fight;
That the present and the future
Were electors who had chosen
Us to argue and decide the case aright.

And the theories of freedom
These now silent bugles uttered
Will reverberate with ever growing tones;
They can never be forgotten,
But will work among the nations
Till they sweep the world of shackles and of thrones.

It is meet that we do honor
To the comrades who have fallen —
Meet that we the sadly woven garlands twine.
Where they buried lie is sacred,
Whether 'neath the northern marble
Or beneath the southern cypress-tree or pine.

Nations are the same as children,
Always living in the future,
Living in their aspirations and their hopes;
Picturing some future greatness,
Reaching forth for future prizes,
With a wish for higher aims and grander scopes.

It is proper it should be so,
It is better for the people
That they give their future nations better lives;
That they reach for an ideal,
Though both difficult and distant,
Though it be in dreams alone that it arrives.

If a people rest contented
With the good they have accomplished,
Then that nation slowly retrogrades away.
Give a nation an ideal,
Some grand, noble, central project,
It, like adamant, refuses to decay.

It's the duty of the poet,
It's the duty of the statesman,
To inspire a nation's life with nobler aims;
And dishonor will o'ershadow
Him who dares not, or who falsely
His immortal-fruited mission misproclaims.

THE PHOTO-GRAPH-U-IST.

A ROMANCE FOUNDED ON FICTION.

Yes, very many pictures this photographist took,
He glued 'em to a pasteboard, and stuck 'em in a book,
So when you wished to see 'em, all you had to do was
look.

To have their pictures taken, with joyousness and glee
A flock of little maidens came, and one of them, O, she
Was just as sweet and beautiful as beautiful could be.

Alas, our photograph-u-ist was captured from the start,
For when she "struck her attitude" with such an art-
less art,

She glued her blue-eyed picture to his pasteboard and
his heart.

She left the latter picture for her worshiper to keep.
Too well had it been taken, so accurate, so deep —
It robbed him of his happiness, and even of his sleep.

And still that blue-eyed photograph did haunt him day
and night;

Although he closed his peepers, 'twould float upon his
sight;

At last he says: "A note to her I will write out out-
right."

“O, blue-eyed little maiden, I never would invade
The old time-honored usages that courtesy hath made,
Unless I had an object which I couldn't have delayed.

“Allow me, little maiden, to diffidently say,
How ceaselessly a photograph doth haunt me night
and day;
And vainly mental effort tries to banish it away.

“This picture in my memory unceasingly doth dwell,
It follows like a shadow, and it haunts me like a spell;
It's YOURS, O blue-eyed maiden, whom I love so wild
and well.

“This picture from my memory can never be effaced:
You've left a mental 'negative,' and cruelly have
laced
My only heart with yours, within that crimson peasant
waist.

“It grieves me such a story so abruptly to relate,
I only ask a syllable—your answer is my fate,
And happiness or sorrow I impatiently await.”

* * * * *

There is a stately mansion built with elegance and grace,
Its accurate location it matters not the case,
It may be Kansas City, or some other noisy place.

There is a spacious parlor—I will not tell you where,
It's lighted up with chandeliers into a perfect glare,
Two persons stand before a crowd that has assembled
there,

And one has eyes of violet, bright as an amethyst,
And floats her chestnut ringlets on her shoulders like
a mist;

The other, he's our hero, yes, our Photograph-u-ist.

A minister is reading something very neat and terse.
It sounds just like a poem, but it doesn't come in verse.
It ends (if I remember) with, "for better or for
worse."

Right well, my photograph-u-ist, right well the choice
you made,

The "negative" is now "preserved" you need not be
afraid,

You've gone and got the substance and the shadow will
not fade.

BLAINE OF MAINE.

(1884.)

Lashed to his flagship's mast,
Old Farragut, through iron-guarded bays,
Through fleets of fire, through batteries ablaze,
By shot and shell harassed,
While wreck and ruin seemed to block his way,
And splintered spars spread sprinkling on the spray,
Guiding his fleet throughout the frightful fray,
Into the harbor passed;
And iron forts grew still
Beneath the victor's will,
Conquered at last.

O, Blaine! amid the glare
Of party ruin, take the ship of state;
We bind thee to its mast, thou statesman great;
And thine must be the care
To guide it on through rocks and reefs that vex
The changing channel with a thousand wrecks.
And though the surge shall sweep its sacred decks,
We know thou wilt not spare
Thy grandest efforts to conduct it by
The rocks and reefs, and shoals that seem to lie
Around it everywhere.

THE MINNESONG.

A. D. 1191.

Once a falcon I possessed;
And full many a knight and vassal
Watched him from my father's castle,
As, in gaudy ribbon dressed,
He would seek with fiery eye
Battle in the roomy sky,
And return to be caressed.

Once a lover I possessed,
On the field of battle knighted,
And at tournaments, delighted,
Did I watch his fiery crest;
Woven from the silken strands
By my own unaided hands,
Was the baldric on his breast.

But one day my bird did soar,
 When the sky was black and stormy;
 And my knight, whose fondness for me
 Seemed as changeless as before,
 Rode away in the crusade;
 And as years successive fade,
 They return to me no more.

* * * * * * *

Ah! In every land and tongue—
 Loved by emperor and vassal,
 Serf in hovel, knight in castle—
 Ever old yet ever young,
 Sung until the hours grew late,
 Was the song of love and fate
 Which the minnesinger sung.

THE DEFAULTER.

CHICAGO.

I'll cross the sea, he said, and the future will be sunny,
 The waves no more will rave;
 I'll cross the sea, he said, and with other people's money
 Be free and gay, beyond the ocean's wave.

PARIS.

I'll move again, he said, to Naples, Rome or Venice,
 I will no more divide
 With arrogant detectives—I'll live in no more menace,
 The Apennines shall separate us wide.

ROME.

I'll cross the sea, he said, in a tone of melancholy,
I can divide no more;
I've failed in being happy—have failed in being jolly,
And justice waits me on a distant shore.

CHICAGO.

I'm here, he said, for justice, let the sentence be im-
partial,
By it I will abide;
For my wife is broken-hearted, and I can no longer
marshal
Any of my scattered children to my side.

JOLIET.

No one, he said, in chasing after happiness has found her;
But if she comes at all,
Comes uninvoked, unbidden, with a sunny halo round
her—
Visits alike the hovel and the hall.

PASS.

A father said unto his hopeful son,
“Who was Leonidas my cherished one?”
The boy replied, with words of ardent nature,
“He was a member of the legislature.”
“How?” asked the parent; then the youngster saith:
“He got a pass, and held her like grim death.”
“Whose pass? what pass?” the anxious father cried;
“’Twas the`r monopoly,” the boy replied.

In deference to the public, we must state,
That boy has been an orphan since that date.

NEOPHYTE.

Last night a zealous Irishman in town,
Meeting a Jew, squared off and knocked him down.

And when the Jew inquired of such behaviour,
Michael replied: “Bedad, ye kilt me Savior.”

The Jew replied: “My friend, that is not so;
It happened eighteen centuries ago.”

Mike simply said: "Bedad, you may be right,
But then—I only heard of it last night!"

And striking out reckless again, and loose,
Became a *martyr*—in the calaboose.

Theology and ignorance combined
Make bigotry, and *that* makes all men blind;
And streams of ruin from this common source
Have swept the world with devastating force.

THE PROTEST.

[Written while the Government was removing from battle fields of secession buried soldiers, and organizing national cemeteries.]

Let them rest, let them rest, where they fell;
On the prairie, in the forest,
'Neath the cypress, or the laurel,
On the mountain, by the bayou,
In the dell;
Where they fought the soil is sacred,
Let the country all be sacred
To the ones who fought so bravely,
Long and well.
Do not rank them up in fields,
Under pallid marble shields;
Let them rest, let them rest,
Where they fell.

Let them rest, let them rest, where they fell;
All those places will be sacred
If you let them stay to guard them;
They will shroud those spots with valor
Like a spell.
And the soil will seem as planted
With the germs of vital freedom:
Where they spent their lives so grandly
Let them dwell.
Do not rank them up in fields,
Under pallid marble shields;
Let them rest and be worshiped
Where they fell.

THE BIRD SONG.

In the night air I heard the woodland ringing,
I heard it ring with wild and thrilling song;
Hidden the bird whose strange, inspiring singing
Seems yet to float in liquid waves along.
Seems yet to float with many a quirk and quaver,
With quirks and quavers and exultant notes,
As through the air, with sympathetic waver,
Down through the songs the falling star-light floats.
Speaking, I said: O bird with songs sonorous,
O bird with songs of such sonorous glee,
Sing me a song of joy, and in the chorus,
In the same chorus I will join with thee

.

The songs that others sing seem but to sadden,
They seem to sadden, those that I have heard;
Sing me a song whose gleesome notes will gladden—
Sing me a song of joy. Then sang the bird:

“There is a land where blossoming exotic,
The amaranths with fadeless colors glow;
Where notes of birds with melodies chaotic
In tangled songs forever come and go.

“There skies serene and bland will bend above us,
And from them blessings like the rain will fall;
There those fond friends that we have loved shall love us,
In that bright land those friends shall love us all.”

The singer ceased, the melody sonorous
No more through starlit woodland floats along;
And as it ceased, my heart refused the chorus,
Refused to join the chorus of the song.

Talk not, I said, thou bird in branches hidden,
Hope's garlands bright grief's fingers slowly weave;
Grief slowly weaves from blooms that spring unbidden—
That spring perennial when the heart doth grieve.

Grief present now proves naught of the eternal;
Grief proves no future with good blessings rife—
With blessings rife and futures blandly vernal;
Facts show no logic in a future life.

And then I said: False is thy song sonorous —
Thy song that floats from starlit woodland dim;
When we are gone, and flowers are blooming o'er us —
When man hath gone, there endeth all with him.

Re-sang the bird: "There skies shall bend above us,
And sprinkle blessings like the rains that fall;
And those we loved—who loved us not—shall love us,
In that bright land shall love us best of all."

Then came a song-burst of bewildering splendor,
That rolled in waves through forest corridors;
Up soared the bird, fain did my hopes attend her,
And hopes and songs were lost amid the stars.

Now all day long, upon my mind intruding,
There comes the echo of that last night's song;
Grief claims the wreck on which my mind is brooding,
Hope claims the facts which logic claimed so long.

Who cares, O bird, for skies that bend above us?
Who cares if blessings like the rain shall fall?
If only those who loved us not shall love us —
In that bright future love us best of all.

Let logic marshal ranks of facts well stated,
It leads them on in brave though vain attacks;
For, looking down from bastions crenelated,
Hope smiles derision at assaulting facts.

THE CHILD OF FATE.

I am the child of fate,
What need it matter me
Where I shall buried be!
Death cometh soon or late,
Whether on land or sea,
What may it matter me!

That which hope hangs upon
We can no insight get;
Blindly fate leads us on,
Storming life's parapet;
That which our course impels,
Naught of the future tells.

Whether upon the land,
Whether upon the strand,
What may it matter me
Where I shall buried be!
Death cometh soon or late,
All are the sport of fate.

What should it matter me,
Falling as others fell,
Shattered by shot or shell;
Either on land or sea,
Wrecked on the foaming bar,
Crushed in the shattered car.

Whether by Arctic cliffs
Where the ice current drifts,
Where the bleak night wind sobs,
Where the black ice-tide throbs;
What though my bark may be
Sunk in some sullen sea!

Each has his work and way,
Each has his part and play,
Each has his task to do,
Both of the good and true.
Though thou art grave or gay,
Be thou yet brave and true.

Work for the right and just,
With an intrepid trust;
Then it need matter thee
Not that thou buried be,
Either on land or strand,
Either 'neath soil or sea.

IOLINE.

[The poet's muse.]

One black evening in October
All the world seemed sad and sober,
And a doom
Dark and dismal,
Shrouded all life's colors prismatic
And before me yawned abysmal '
Gulfs of gloom.

Said I bitterly: I only
Of the world am sad and lonely,
I alone

Drain the chalice;
All the angels bear me malice,
There is love in cot and palace—
None my own.

That dark night I turned a traitor
To myself and my Creator,
And I said:

Be it ended,
Hope may make existence splendid,
But without it, unattended—
Better dead.

Then a something seemed to chide me
From the darkness there beside me,
In a tone

Uttered clearly:
“You have spoken insincerely;
There are those who you love dearly,
Though unknown.”

Who are you, and whence your visit?
Turning gruffly, said I: Is it
The unseen

To awaken?
Said the voice: “You’re mistaken;
It is Ioline—forsaken
Ioline.”

When I heard the sentence uttered,
In bewilderment I stuttered

A remark

Somewhat grimly,
As a form, freshly, primly,
Grew and ripened in the dimly
Lighted dark.

Yes, the artless little comer,
Like a musk rose in the summer
Seemed to bloom;

And her forehead
Shook back tresses that seemed borrowed
From the winter night, or quarried
Out of gloom.

With a smile arch and airy,
To my side came the fairy,
Like a queen

Blithe and bloomy.

"Let us stroll," said she to me;
Yes, said I, for I'm gloomy,
Ioline.

Ah! she told me gorgeous stories
Of her home, and the glories
Of the zone

Where it stretches.
And she hummed me little sketches
Of immortal music, such as
Sweeps the Throne.

All my gloominess was banished;
Then the moon rose, and she vanished —

Yes, my queen

Had departed,

But she kissed me ere she started;
And she left me sunny hearted
And serene.

To that land of sun and blossom
She has built a bridge of gossamer
And gold;

And I've traveled

It in dreaming, and unraveled
Dismal doubts, whereon I caviled
Days of old.

Now no evening of October
Finds me ever sad or sober;
All the world

Seems a palace;

There are none who bear me malice,
And afar away the chalice
I have hurled.

THE SPRING CHICKEN.

Came the prohibition yawper,
Mental tramp and moral pauper,
And he worried the incorpor-
ated portions of the State.
As these frauds began to thicken.
Loud the yellow-legged chicken
Wailed, in accents terror stricken,
At the waywardness of fate.

With about as much religion
As a blue jay or a pigeon,
And a little—just a smidgeon—
More expert than Ananias;
Through the week day they did mock us,
With the skill they packed the caucus;
They could flank, out-lie, out-talk us,
And, on Sunday—Oh! so pious

Well! no longer from our rostrums
Do they peddle social nostrums;
Now no longer is the pulpit but the bull pit
Of a party;
Now no longer terror stricken
Does the vernal poultry sicken,
And the yellow-legged chicken
Now is growing fat and hearty.

FRAUDS.

Ambitious, shrewd,
 Wealthy, vainglorious, fond of show,
 Hanno of Carthage, centuries ago,
 Determined to be great; he bought a brood
 Of fledgling parrots, taught them at his nod
 To scream in chorus: "Hanno is a god!"

When they were taught,
 He had a hireling place them on the street,
 As if for sale to those he chanced to meet;
 But still by no one could the birds be bought.
 Then Hanno passed in pomp, and gave a nod,
 Out shrieked the parrots: "Hanno is a god!"

Cunningly done,
 That night said Hanno, as he doffed his clothes
 Of silk embroidery, to seek repose—

Eternal immortality is won;
 For heardst thou not that superstitious squad
 Catch up the sentence, "Hanno is a god"?

* * * * * *

A galley slave,
 Condemned, went Hanno o'er the cloudy seas
 That hid the fabled Cassiterides;

Wealthy in grief, no home except the wave,
 Lashed to the oar, betimes urged by the rod,
 Not very much a man, much less a god.

It could not win,
For then, as now, although the world applauds,
It turns at last and crucifies its frauds;
True to itself, though late it may begin,
True to itself, when once it has begun,
Square to the cross it spikes them one by one.

RETROSPECTIVE.

[The following was written on the day after the November State election, 1882, at which time the first Democratic Governor the State of Kansas ever had was elected. The history of that time will warrant and explain the verses.]

Through the days so mild and mellow,
While the leaves were growing yellow,
We did bellow—loudly bellow

For a platform full of “isms;”
Many others did like we did,
But our effort was unheeded,
For the people said they needed
More of sense, and less of schisms.

Long we shouted, and we spouted—
Then we spouted and we shouted,
But the people jeered and flouted
At the manufactured shams.

Very faintly they hurrahed us,
Little cared they to applaud us,
And at last they turned and chawed us,
While our singers sang their Psalms.

Female suffrage ! Prohibition ! —
We are now in a position
To demand a new edition —
 A revision, as of yore;
And the late lamented martyr,
He has got a little starter
To the shades where many a smarter —
 Smarter man has gone before.

Well ! — we're busted all to thunder;
They're on top and we are under;
They have carried off the plunder —
 Left us sittting on the fence.
Yes, my noble lord, they've done it,
They have gone to work and won it.
Run it ? You just bet they'll run it,
 Till our party gets some sense.

Let us relegate our preachers
To their desks as moral teachers;
Governments were made for creatures
 That are living now on earth;
Not for angels that wear laurels,
But for men with woes and quarrels —
Men of vice as well as morals,
 Men of grief as well as mirth.

If a man is on an isthmus,
Or is troubled with strabismus,
You can talk from June till Christmas —
 He is still as narrow-sighted;

Add to this a poor digestion,
And the world must be refreshed on
Some important moral question,
And instanter must be righted.

Yes! that platform was a jewel;
It were cruel, very cruel,
Now to use it up for fuel,
But it must and will be done;
And our short-haired female brother,
And our long-haired other, t'other
Brother—he must find another,
Go and get another one.

And we'll make another platform,
(What the darkey called a “flat-form,”)
Of a more improved and pat form
Than the thing we had of late;
And we'll have no “isms” to damn it,
And we'll have no man to cram it
Down the people's throats, or ram it
Through the State.

When the party gets less antic
Over “isms,” and less frantic
Over frauds that sycophantic
Fools rehearse,
Then the party will be victor,
And will march—why, bless your pictur!—
Prouder than a Roman lictor;
Now its lict—or worse.

WHIST.

Hour after hour the cards were fairly shuffled,
And fairly dealt, but still I got no hand;
The morning came; but I, with mind unruffled,
Did simply say, "I do not understand."

Life is a game of whist. From unseen sources
The cards are shuffled, and the hands are dealt.
Blind are our efforts to control the forces
That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled,
But still I like the game and want to play;
And through the long, long night will I, unruffled,
Play what I get, until the break of day.

QUIVERA—KANSAS.

1542—1882.

In that half-forgotten era,
With the avarice of old,
Seeking cities that were told
To be paved with solid gold,
In the kingdom of Quivera—

Came the restless Coronado
To the open Kansas plain,
With his knights from sunny Spain;
In an effort that, though vain,
Thrilled with boldness and bravado.

League by league, in aimless marching,
 Knowing scarcely where or why,
 Crossed they uplands drear and dry,
 That an unprotected sky
 Had for centuries been parching.

But their expectations, eager,
 Found, instead of fruitful lands,
 Shallow streams and shifting sands,
 Where the buffalo in bands
 Roamed o'er deserts dry and meager.

Back to scenes more trite, yet tragic,
 Marched the knights with armor'd steeds;
 Not for them the quiet deeds;
 Not for them to sow the seeds
 From which empires grow like magic.

Never land so hunger stricken
 Could a Latin race remold;
 They could conquer heat or cold —
 Die for glory or for gold —
 But not make a desert quicken.

Thus Quivera was forsaken;
 And the world forgot the place,
 Until centuries apace
 Came the blue-eyed Saxon race,
 And it bade the desert waken.

And it bade the climate vary;
And awaiting no reply
From the elements on high,
It with plows besieged the sky—
Vexed the heavens with the prairie.

Then the vitreous sky relented,
And the unacquainted rain
Fell upon the thirsty plain,
Whence had gone the knights of Spain.
Disappointed, discontented.

Sturdy are the Saxon faces,
As they move along in line;
Bright the rolling-cutters shine,
Charging up the State's incline,
As an army storms a glaci.

Into loam the sand is melted,
And the blue-grass takes the loam.
Round about the prairie home;
And the locomotives roam
Over landscapes iron-belted.

Cities grow where stunted birches
Hugged the shallow water line,
And the deepening rivers twine
Past the factory and mine,
Orchard slopes and schools and churches.

Deeper grows the soil and truer,
More and more the prairie teems
With a fruitage as of dreams;
Clearer, deeper, flow the streams,
Blander grows the sky, and bluer.

We have made the State of Kansas,
And to-day she stands complete—
First in freedom, first in wheat;
And her future years will meet
Ripened hopes and richer stanzas.

As Samuel hewed A-gag to pieces in the presence of the king,
so we would like to hew one to pieces in the presence of the
“Wild, wild West.”

PRINTER'S INK.

Once spoke a teacher to his pupils, “Name
The metal that most honors men with fame.”

Then shout the pupils, in a chorus, “Steel;
Before the sabre must the scepter reel.”

“Wrong,” spoke the teacher; “try again, and name
The metal that most honors men with fame.”

Then shout the pupils, in a chorus, “Gold;
For it can buy, and honors all are sold.”

“Wrong,” spoke the teacher; “try once more to name
The metal that most honors men with fame.”

They all were silent; then spoke one, “I think
That mighty metal must be printer zinc.”

“Right,” spoke the teacher; “for it doth not fail
To make the nations tremble and turn pale.”

Then shout the students, in a chorus, “Right—
The world most honors that which hath most might.”

THE REAL.

They say
A flower that blooms, I know not whither,
Perhaps in sunny skies,
Is called the amaranth. It will not wither,
It never dies.
I never saw one.

They say
A bird of foreign lands, the condor,
Never alights,
But through the air unceasingly doth wander,
In long, aerial flights.
I never saw one.

They say
That in Egyptian deserts, massive,
Half buried in the sands,
Swept by the hot sirocco, grandly impassive,
The statue of colossal Memnon stands.
I never saw it.

They say
A land faultless, far off and fairy —
A summer land, with woods and glens and glades,
Is seen where palms rise feathery and airy,
And from whose lawns the sunlight never fades.
I never saw it.

They say
The stars make melody sonorous,
While whirling on their poles.
They say through space this planetary chorus
Magnificently rolls.
I never heard it.

Now what
Care I for amaranth or condor,
Colossal Memnon, or the fairy land,
Or for the songs of planets as they wander
Through arcs superlatively grand.
They are not real.

Hope's idle
Dreams the real vainly follows,
Facts stay as fadeless as the Parthenon,
While fancies, like the summer-tinted swallows,
Flit gaily mid its arches and are gone.

A KASAS IDYL.

Into a frontier town of Kansas came
An aborigine, with moccasins and war paint;
And he bore the look—wan look—of the
Untutored savage. There did also come
A proud Caucasian, in boots and spurs and pistols
Clad—a rover, full of strange oaths, and
Bearded, like his pard. He had a classic
Brow. In youth at Yale a stroke-oar he
Had been, and deemed a youth of power and culture
Rare. They each to each a stranger
Sought this Kansas village in pursuit
Of ardent spirits. Prohibition held full sway,
And the unrelenting man of drugs and
Merchandise refused to sell the article
Demanded. Away in anger and disgust
The proud Caucasian strode, and as
His fervid language percolated through
The filmy ether, spectators at a distance
Thought that an aurora borealis was
On exhibition. Back to his ranch returning,
He to bed went sober. But the aborigine
With more stoicism met refusal from
The man of drugs, and purchasing of hair oil
A quart bottle, to his wigwam went.
Into that oil that aborigine some water poured,
And by a process of disintegration the
Alcohol, with which the oil was cut,

United with the water, and the oil,
Floating above, was gently skimmed away.
And then the noble aborigine proceeded
To become inebriated, and well did he
Succeed, and went to bed in a condition
That the rover would have envied.

'Tis ever thus that the untutored savage,
Who yearning after nature's means and measures,
With pure and child-like instinct seeks to ravage
The dim arcana of its mystic pleasures,
And wrest from nature's vault its cryptic treasures.
While by his side, clogged with redundant learning,
The proud Caucasian swears, and gets left, yearning.

CHAOS.

I've seen the ice-clad river leave its banks,
And tear through hills of time-enduring rock;
Squadrons I've seen, that charging ranks on ranks,
Did make the planet tremble with their shock.

I've seen red navies with their walls of oak
Sink like a bubble in the frantic main;
I've seen proud cities wander off in smoke;
I've seen autumnal ruin sweep the plain.

I've stood at midnight on the rocky height
That bars the purple meadows of the west;
I've seen the silent empress of the night
Sail slowly on while splendoring crest on crest.

But never have I seen, in earth or air,
Plot, reason, relevancy. I scan
An unplanned chaos, shaping here and there
The greatness and the littleness of man.

KEEFE VS. GILLON.

[A winter controversy.]

The oyster war
Still rages on the field;
Like last year's wheat crop,
Neither one will "yield."

On Market street,
The war-like chieftain Gillon,
Much oyster soup
Down hungry throats is spillin.

While down on Main
We hear the dreadful strife;
Keefe heads his phalanx
With an oyster knife.

It is the strangest war
I ever saw;
Chiefs in a "stew,"
And the recruits all "raw."

A ghastly pun
Across our conscience flits:
Let's call this war,
The fight of oyster-litz.

THE PYTHIAN.

I am the sybil of the right divine,
Who spoke the sayings of the Delphic shrine;
In after years this saying you'll recall,
"Marry the man who loves thee most of all;"
And who he is thou needest never guess,
Who chatters most is he who loves the less.

THE KANSAS DUG-OUT.

Stuck into a Kansas hillside, far away,
Is a cabin made of sod and built to stay;
Through the window-like embrasure
Pours the mingled gold and azure
Of the morning of a gorgeous Kansas day.

Round the cabin clumps of roses, here and there,
With their wild and welcome fragrance fill the air;
And the love of heaven settles
On their pensive pink-lined petals,
As the angels come and put them in their hair.

Blue-eyed children round the cabin chase the day;
They are learning life's best lesson—how to stay,
To be tireless and resistful;
And the antelope look wistful,
And they want to join the children in their play.

Fortune-wrecked the parents sought the open West,
Leaving happy homes and friends they loved the best;
Homes in cities bright and busy
That responded to the dizzy,
To the whirling and tumultuous unrest.

Oft it happens unto families and men
That they need must touch the mother earth again;
Rising, rugged and reliant,
Like Antæus, the old giant,
Then they dare to do great things, and not till then.

As around his neck the arms of children twine,
Then the father says: Have courage, children mine;
Though the skies around thee blacken,
Courage!—the gales will slacken;
And the future with its promise shall be thine.

Happy prairie children! Time with rapid wings
To the earnest soul the golden trophy brings.
As the Trojan said: “Durate
Vosmet rebus et servate” *—
“Hold yourselves in hand for higher, nobler things.”

* Æneid, I, 207.

“FEAR YE HIM.”

I fear Him not,
Nor yet
Do I defy.
Much could He harm me,
Cared he but to try.

Much could He frighten
Me,
Much do me ill,
Much terrify me,
But — He never will.

The soul of justice
Must
Itself be just;
Who trembles most
Betrays the most distrust.

So, plunging in life's
Current
Deep and broad,
I take my chances,
Ignorant — unawed.

ALGOMAR.

Ioline, my Ioline,
Will you be no more my queen;
 Must you always stay?
Is my waiting unavailing;
Must all wishes end in failing,
 Must all hope decay?
Must all happiness at last
Fade into the past?

It is longer than a year
Since you came to see me here,
 Earnest Ioline;
Since you came in moonlight beamy,
Came to cheer me and to see me,
 To be loved and seen;
Since you left that pearly star,
Far off Algomar.

Come and sing to me once more,
As you often have before,
 Songs of other zones.
Come and hum those airy, sketchy
Arias, so bright and catchy,
 Taken from the tones
That, unheard by human ears,
Thrill the radiant spheres.

GLORY.

A rocket scaled the terraces of night,
And yet
Reached not the parapet.

I told a noble hearted friend of mine
That he,
Though great, still greater yet should be.

He rose as did Acestes' arrow rise,
He burned,
And burning, into ashes turned.

He rose, and rising blazed, and burned away,
And yet
He failed to reach the parapet.

JOHN BROWN.

States are not great
Except as men may make them;
Men are not great except they do and dare.
But States, like men,
Have destinies that take them —
That bear them on, not knowing why or where.

The WHY repels
The philosophic searcher —
The WHY and WHERE all questionings defy,
Until we find,
Far back in youthful nurture,
Prophetic facts that constitute the WHY.

All merit comes
From daring the unequal;
All glory comes from daring to begin.
Fame loves the State
That, reckless of the sequel,
Fights long and well, though it may lose or win.

Than in our State
No illustration apter
Is seen or found of faith, and hope, and will.
Take up her story:
Every leaf and chapter
Contains a record that conveys a thrill.

And there is one
Whose faith, whose fight, whose failing,
Fame yet shall placard on the walls of time.
He dared begin —
Despite the unavailing;
He dared begin, when failure was a crime.

When over Africa
Some future cycle
Shall sweep the lake-gemmed uplands with its surge;
When, as with trumpet
Of Archangel Michael,
Culture shall bid a colored race emerge;

When busy cities
There, in constellations,
Shall gleam with spires and palaces and domes,
With marts wherein
Are heard the noise of nations;
With summer groves surrounding stately homes—

There, future orators
To cultured freemen
Shall tell of valor, and recount with praise
Stories of Kansas,
And of Lacedæmon—
Cradles of freedom, then of ancient days.

From boulevards
O'erlooking both Nyanzas,
The statured bronze shall glitter in the sun,
With rugged lettering:

“JOHN BROWN, OF KANSAS:

HE DARED BEGIN;

HE LOST,

BUT, LOSING, WON.”

LIFE'S MOONRISE.

No sunrise, no noon, no sunset;
On the prairie, like a pall,
All day hung the storm, and from it
A heart ache did seem to fall.

In the evening all was over,
And the moon rose round and high,
While pure as the love of an angel
Grew the glittering, starlit sky.

And the red deer and the primrose
And the prairie larks were gay,
Till night, with its filmy beauty,
Was merged in the broad, bright day.

Some lives have a cloudless sunrise,
And some have a noontide bright;
And others a day of sunshine,
With rainy and cheerless night.

My life had been sad and rainy
Through its long and somber day,
Till at last there did come the moonrise
As the storm-clouds rolled away.

I'm living now in life's moonrise,
For the day of my youth has set;
But there comes to me no suggestion
Of sorrow, or vain regret.

I'm seeing new worlds and planets
Flash out from the evening sky,
And my soul feels a wild, new daring
As the night wind whispers by.

I'm taking no heed of the future,
Nor a past that has flown away;
And I'm simply hoping the moonlight
May merge in the broad, bright day.

LEGOUSIN AI.

[From the Greek of Anacreon.]

The women say:

“Anacreon, you are old;
For, taking up a mirror, you behold
The locks of rosy youth how scattered they.”

But as a care,
It is not unto me
How old am I, how few my locks may be,
So long as youth's young spirit still is there.

WHITHER.

Beside a pool where curved a Kansas brook,
Trying to fish, a boy stood brown and tan;
A lump of lead held down a baited hook,
And as I watched the eager little man
From thought to thought some strange suggestions ran.

Perhaps the soul, as if imprisoned here,
Is weighted down with lump of heavy clay,
Beneath the ocean of the atmosphere;
Fain would it rise, and yet perforce must stay,
Deep in the night, yet which we think the day.

At times we feel as if a line did draw;
Then it does seem as if we rose, and light
Does seem to come; and then some unknown law
Does seem to pull us backward in our flight,
And hold us to the bottom of the night.

MEDICINE.

[The Fort Scott doctors organized under the statute into a medical society, and, the majority being old school, "heroic," doctors, refused admittance to a lady doctor of their own class, and to all homœopathists.]

CHAPTER I. — ANCIENT.

In the days of the twelve apostles,
The strangest the earth hath seen,
When through the Judean cities,
With the lowly Nazarene,
They healed all the gathered people
Of populous Palestine;

When pouring from town and village,
On the litter and on the crutch,
The populace sought the apostles,
Praising them overmuch,
Who, standing beside the Nazarene,
Healed all with the mystic touch;

Then many a lonely woman,
 From many a distant route,
 From the sea coast, from the lake side,
 From the mountains and hills about,
 Applied to the twelve apostles,
 Who cast all the devils out.

CHAPTER II. — MODERN.

The doctors of Bourbon county,
 In a conclave grim and great,
 They met and they bound together
 By a statute of the State,
 And the way they cast out devils
 Is ludicrous to relate.

Then one of them spake, “This quackery,
 My feeling with anger thrills;
 These fraudulent homœopathists,
 They even can’t cure the chills;
 And what in the world can a woman know
 In regard to a woman’s ills? .

The meeting then went to business
 In a manner extremely human;
 They scooped the illustrious dozen
 In proficiency and acumen,
 For they cast not only the devils out,
 But they even cast out the woman.

THE SIEGE OF DJKLXPRWBZ.

Before a Turkish town,
The Russians came,
And with huge cannon
Did bombard the same.

They got up close
And rained fat bombshells down,
And blew out every
Vowel in the town.

And then the Turks,
Becoming somewhat sad,
Surrendered every
Consonant they had.

A HOLY WAR.

[The Russo-Turkish campaign.]

On the south is seen an empire,—
Mosque and minaret, in frenzy,
From the Ind to Adriatic,
Send their influence and riches;
And the holy shrine of Mecca
Pours out gold and absolution,
While it speeds the Prophet's children
To the hospitals and ditches.

On the north a Christian empire
In the name of Christ is acting;
Mobs, to gain a benediction,
 Rally 'round a bishop's mitre;
And they use the church's treasure,
In the holy name of Jesus,
While they march away His children
 To the vulture and the nitre.

We may hope to see an era
That has fewer orphan children—
That objects to shrieking bugle
 And the sight of blazing village—
When religion, in the future,
Shall refuse to be the agent
By which merciless ambition
 Furthers schemes of public pillage.

PARESIS.

On the shores of Yellow Paint
I have heard the tempest roar;
 I have heard the falling crash
 Of the lightning-riven ash;
Seen the branches of the oak
Like the world at large, half-broke,
Seen the shattered sycamore.

Men and trees are scarcely twain,
And the rules alike obtain,
For the highest of renown
Are the surest stricken down;
But the stupid and the clown
They remain.

THE OLD PIONEER.

Where are they gone? Where are they —
The faces of my childhood?
I've sought them by the mountains,
By the rivers, by the canyons;
I have called upon the prairie,
I have called upon the wildwood:
O, give me back! O, give me back
The faces of my childhood!
The boys and girls,
My playmates, my companions.

The days of early childhood
Have a strange, attractive glimmer,
A lustrous, misty fadelessness
Half seen and yet half hidden,
As of isles in distant oceans,
Where the shattered moonbeams shimmer,
Concealing half, disclosing half,
With rapturing, fracturing glimmer,
The realms in which
Our visits are forbidden.

It's vainly that I call upon
The mountains or the canyons;
And vainly from the forest,
From the river or the wildwood,
Do I ask the restoration
Of my playmates, my companions;
No voice returns from mountain side,
From forest or from canyons;
They've gone from me forever,
The faces of my childhood.

THE VIOLET STAR.

"I have always lived, and I always must,"
The sergeant said, when the fever came;
From his burning brow we washed the dust,
And we held his hand, and we spoke his name.

"Millions of ages have come and gone,"
The sergeant said as we held his hand;—
"They have passed like the mist of the morning dawn
Since I left my home in that far off land."

We bade him hush, but he gave no heed—
"Millions of orbits I crossed from far—
Drifted as drifts the cottonwood seed;
I came," said he, "from the Violet Star.

“Drifting in cycles from place to place—
I’m tired,” said he, “and I’m going home
To the Violet Star, in the realms of space,
Where I loved to live, and I will not roam.

“For I’ve always lived, and I always must,
And the soul in roaming may roam too far;
I have reached the verge that I dare not trust,
And I’m going back to the Violet Star.”

The sergeant hushed, and we fanned his cheek;
There came no word from that soul so tired;
And the bugle rang from the distant peak,
As the morning dawned and the pickets fired.

The sergeant was buried as soldiers are;
And we thought all day, as we marched through
the dust:

His spirit has gone to the Violet Star—
He always has lived, and he always must.

THE anchors are strong that hold the ships;
The wire is strong that bridges the fall;
But all of their strength must suffer eclipse
Compared with the words of a woman’s lips,
For she binds the man that has made them all.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, STATE OF KANSAS.

GEORGE LEWIS, *Appellant*,

VS.

STATE OF KANSAS, *Appellee*.

Appeal from Atchison County.

SYLLABUS.

Law—paw; guilt—wilt. When upon thy frame the law—places
its majestic paw—though in innocence or guilt—thou art then
required to wilt.

STATEMENT OF CASE BY REPORTER.

This defendant, while at large,
Was arrested on a charge
Of burglarious intent,
And direct to jail he went.
But he somehow felt misused,
And through prison walls he oozed,
And in some unheard-of shape
He effected his escape.

Mark you now!—again the law
On defendant placed its paw,
Like a hand of iron mail,
And resocked him into jail;
Which said jail, while so corralled,
He by sock-age tenure held.

Then the court met, and they tried
Lewis up and down each side,
On the good, old-fashioned plan;
But the jury cleared the man.

Now, *you* think that this strange case
Ends at just about this place.
Nay, not so. Again the law
On defendant placed its paw—
This time takes him 'round the cape
For effecting an escape;
He, unable to give bail,
Goes reluctantly to jail.

Lewis, tried for this last act,
Makes a special plea of fact:
"Wrongly did they me arrest,
As my trial did attest.
And while rightfully at large,
Taken on a wrongful charge,
I took back from them what they
From me wrongly took away."

When this special plea was heard,
Thereupon THE STATE demurred.

The defendant then was pained
When the court was heard to say,
In a cold, impassive way—
"The demurrer is sustained."

Back to jail did Lewis go;
But, as liberty is dear,
He appeals, and now is here
To reverse the court below.
The opinion will contain
All the statements that remain.

ARGUMENT AND BRIEF OF APPELLANT.

“As a matter, sir, of fact,
Who was injured by our act—
Any property or man?—
Point it out, sir, if you can.
Can you seize us when at large
On a baseless, trumped-up charge;
And, if we escape, then say
It is *crime* to get away—
When we rightfully regained
What was wrongfully obtained?

“Please-the-court-sir, what is crime?
What is right, and what is wrong?
Is our freedom but a song,
Or the subject of a rhyme?”

ARGUMENT AND BRIEF OF THE ATTORNEY FOR
THE STATE.

“When THE STATE, that is to say,
WE, takes liberty away—
When the padlock and the hasp
Leave one helpless in our grasp,
It's unlawful then that he
Even *dreams* of liberty;

Wicked dreams that may in time
 Grow and ripen into *crime*—
 Crime of dark and damning shape;
 Then if he perchance escape,
 Evermore remorse will roll
 O'er his shattered, sin-sick soul.

“Please-the-court-sir, how can we
 Manage people who get free?”

REPLY OF APPELLANT.

“Please-the-court-sir, if it's *sin*,
 Where does *turpitude* begin?”

PER CURIAM. (OPINION OF THE COURT.)

“We—don't—make—law; we are bound
 To interpret it as found.

“The defendant broke away;
 When arrested he should stay.

“This appeal can't be maintained,
 For the record does not show
 Error in the court below,
 And we nothing can infer.
 Let the judgment be sustained;
 All the justices concur.”

[*Note by the Reporter.*]

Of the sheriff, rise and sing:
 “Glory to our earthly King!”

(19 Kas. 236.)

THE LEAP-YEAR PARTY.

Around the hall
I see the fairies trooping,
In merry promenade;
Along the wall,
Disconsolately drooping,
Masculine wall-flowers fade.

Those hands which once
They squeeze with solemn rapture,
Days of old,
Are now beyond
All present power to capture
Or to hold.

And now the caller,
Cum volante grando,
Shrieks down the hall;
Anon the orchestra,
With harsh *sforzando*,
Insists on "balance all."

O, tempora!
The present time and custom—
The atmospheric spirit of the age,
Have made these women
So we cannot trust 'em.
Who knows what ills the present
may presage?

Of that event
The deepening shadows lengthen;
While far away
We see the fast
Combining clouds, that strengthen
Our terror of that day.

MONO-LINE.

I straid, I strode upon the ocean strand,
The loud waves flaled the bolder-drifted shore;
I stopt, I stoopt, and with dejected hand
I wrote Ma-ri-er's name upon the sand—
Her cherished name upon the sanded flore.

Ere had I written, came a bilious wave—
Remorseless, fiend-like, ruthlessly it came—
Fane would I brest it off, fane would I save;
But overwhelmingly, into a grave
Of senseless sand it slung that sacred name.

I sat me down upon primeval rock;
Still flaled the waves the bolder-drifted shore
It seemed as if me troubled heart would knock
Itself to pieces, since the sorrow shock
That wrung me writing from that sanded flore.

I'll take a pine from Alpine summit stript —

A pine, me-said, whose size will shadow all;

And down in Etna's burning lava diped,

I'll make a torch, titanic, terror-tipped,

While horror wraps this mundane with its pall.

On heaven's blue dome, o'er nebula and star,

Where all the terror-stricken world can see,

Distinct and clear, my mono-line I'll char,

In words of fire the zones may read from far —

Ma-ri-er's name that mono-line shall be.

Rise, ocean, rise! Rise as thou hastest rose!

Houl, ocean, houl! Thy waves may rore, may mone —

May flale the bolders, and such things as those;

But Ile bet you some 14-dollar clothes

That you just leave that mono-line aloan.

MILLIONS of bad men have the world called good,

Millions of good the world called black and bad;

Millions of cowards, strangely understood,

Have passed for heroes when they never should;

Million of heroes never praise have had;

And cravens will the name of honor rob

Until the pulse of time shall cease to throb.

TO-DAY.

Work on, work on,
Work wears the world away;
Hope when to-morrow comes,
But work to-day.

Work on, work on,
Work brings its own relief;
He who most idle is
Has most of grief.

EL MORAN.

I crossed the orbit of Aldebaran,
Thence sixteen orbits to Taurus Rho,
As goes a boat through a chain of whirlpools
Into the slumbrous lake below.

I passed a hundred of constellations;
At last I came to an open place,
And saw in the distance the waves of ether
Breaking in foam on the cliffs of space.

While gazing alone, I felt a question,
But nothing either I saw or heard.
A soul was beside me; I felt a presence,
Seeing no soul, nor hearing a word.

And where and whence are you from and going?

I thought as quickly; who can you be?

Then came a suspense, as of hesitation—

This was the answer it thought at me:

“I lost my life in a mine explosion

A week ago in the planet Mars;

I thought I would look up a new location.

Are you acquainted among the stars?”

I answered: No; I was killed by lightning

Yesterday morning in Hindostan;

I visit the old ancestral homestead

Back in the nebula El Moran.

We both recounted the past and present;

We watched the asteroids weaving lace,

And the berylline waves of viewless ether

Pounding the shoreless cliffs of space.

TYPE.

All night the sky was draped in darkness thick;

Out from the clouds imprisoned lightnings swept.

Into the printer's stick,

With energetic click,

The ranks of type into battalions crept,

Which formed brigades while dreaming labor slept;

And ere dawn's crimson pennons were unfurled,

The night-formed columns charged the waking world.

THE PRAIRIE STORM.

With the daylight came the storm;
And the clouds, like ragged veils,
Trailed the prairie until noontide,
Borne by vacillating gales;
And the red elms by the streamlets
Dripped upon the wild plum thickets,
And the thickets on the crickets
And the quails.

Wet and sodden
Lay the prairie grass untrodden.

Through the dismal afternoon
Held the banks of cloud aloof,
Like as smoke in frontier cabin
Hugs the rafters in the roof.
Broke the clouds and ceased the dripping,
And the red elms by the streamlets
Caught the fading evening gleamlets
That in proof,

Gave the token
That the summer storm was broken.

With a nimbus like a saint
Rose the white moon in the east;
And the grass all rose together
As the guests do at a feast;

And the prairie lark kept singing
All the night, and the stirring
And the whizzing and the whirring
 Still increased;
 Till all sorrow
Yielded to the brilliant morrow.

CHILDHOOD.

It passed in beauty,
 Like the waves that reach
Their jeweled fingers
 Up the sanded beach.

It passed in beauty,
 Like the flowers that spring
Behind the footsteps
 Of the winter king.

It passed in beauty,
 Like the clouds on high,
That drape the ceilings
 Of the summer sky.

INGALLS VS. VOORHEES.

Cyclone dense,
Lurid air,
Wabash hair,
Hide on fence.

WINTER.

The sleet
Will beat,
And the snow
Will blow,
And the rain
Will drain
From the plain
So sadly;
And the night come down
So bleak and brown,
While the blast
Shrieks past
So fast
And madly.

THE REASON.

Says John last night:

“William, by-grab, I’m beat
To know why stolen kisses
Taste so sweet.”

Says William: “Sho!

That’s easily explained—
It’s ’cause they’re *syrup*-
titiously obtained.”

O cruel thought!

O words of cruel might!
The coroner
He sat on John that night.

WAR-FARE.

“Oh, what a horrid thing this warfare is!”

Then Jim replied, “You’re very much mistaken;
I joined the home-guards when Price threatened
Scott,
And then our *fare* was hard-bread, coffee, bacon.”

“The *fare* of war, I am not talking of!”

Responded William, with an angry shout;
“Oh, yes, I see,” says Jim; “well, of the *war*,
The *fare*’s all I know anything about.”

THE LOVIST.

A TRUE STORY.

Look here, you gentle reader,
A story I must tell,
About an individual
Who loved a maiden well.

[He admired and adored her—doted and gloated and floated; one of his favorite observations was, that her dear image was frescoed on the skylight of his soul.]

He wrote one day a letter,
And sealed it with a seal,
To tell the girl how feelingly
Towards her he did feel.

[This letter partook of the character of a rhythmical communication; it might have been called an ode, or an apostrophe, or a sonnet, or a piece of versified vacuity, or iambic inanity—but it wasn't poetry.]

The young man said: "It idle is
For me to ever start
To paint in one short idyl
The idol of my heart."

[What the adolescent young maniac wanted to paint her for nobody will ever know. He called her his ideal, idol, doll, his fairy, seraph, duck, nymph, grace, and he showed other surface indications of having the old complaint in its most frightful form.]

A carpenter of teeth was he,
A den-tist, and I'm told
That in his den he often said
That teeth were his "best hold."

[He was "bad" on eye-teeth, yanked out cuspids and bicuspid, snatched out grinders, exterminated molars and abolished incisors without pain or delay. His motto was, "*pro bono publico*"—for the public's bones.]

But when the miss the miss-ive read,
The maiden sentimental,
She said, said she, "If he gets me,
It will be acci-dental."

[She told this, in confidence, to a young lady friend, who put on her hood and rushed right off and told the young man, so as to make him feel happy. He asked the young lady to intercede for him. She did so, to the "charmer" simply responded:]

"Who knows, before the orange blossoms
wither in my wreath,
What irony and iron he
May throw into my teeth?"

[The "mutual" friend saw that the embassy was a failure, and so she waited all the forenoon until her mother went out to saw some wood to get dinner with; then she skipped down to see the doctor and make him feel pleasant. She told him all, with usual embellishments—she not only gave him the "text," but also an elaborate appendix, with notes, index and glossary.]

And when the young man heard of it,
He then began to cry;
He stopped a-drawing of a tooth,
And went and drew a sigh.

[“Why,” said he, “this sarcasm, this scornful utterance, this taunt, this sneer, this gibe? I have,” said he “nary—not—no—nothing to live for.”]

He done took sick; he tried and tried
To neutralize, in vain,
The pain he felt, by wrapping up
Within a counter-pane.

[But it wouldn't work; he tried to die by an effort of mind, but his mind was too weak—his constitution was stronger than his will. This was before the tonic action of phosphorus on the brain was discovered. He tried whisky, but it never affected him—it never found his brain; it went skirmishing through his system and wore itself out trying to find some ganglionic nodule to work on. He consequently recovered next day sufficiently to go down town.]

And then he bought a Bowie knife
With which to end his woes;
Then went and plunged it in his chest,
[Which was half full of clothes;]

Then went and bought a railroad pass,
And took the evening train
For climes where golden fortunes are
“Extracted without pain.”

THE CRUSADES.

The one I love so much sits by my side —
Sits by my side and listens as I read.
Little care we how o'er the prairies wide
The wintry, zero-loving tempests glide,
As one by one the fire-lit hours recede.
In one of mine I hold her little hands
And read to her of wars in distant lands.

I read to her of times long passed away,
That shine like jewels in the wild Crusades;
That light up cities crumbling in decay,
That out of darkness bring the glare of day,
Which glare again to greater darkness fades.
I read to her of princes and of seers,
Of cruelties, of sufferings, of tears.

I read to her of hermits and of kings,
Of Conrad, Tancred, Baldwin and Behmond;
I read to her of bravery that springs
Of wild fanaticism, whose strong wings
Take, in their sweep, this world and the beyond.
And, as I read, the gusty tempests rage,
As if in sympathy with every page.

AN AGREED STATEMENT OF FACTS

AS TO THE ADMISSION OF MR. HIC JONES TO
THE PAINT CREEK BAR, KANSAS.

Jones was young and unassuming, but the shrewd observer saw,
Something that appeared abnormal in the structure of his jaw.

When the court convened, old Snipe-'em, with a voice like a guitar,
Offered Jones's application for admission to the bar.
Then the court looked wise and owly, and in slow, judicial tones
Ordered Snipe-'em, Brown and Spot-'em first to analyze young Jones,
Saying, "Gentlemen, be thorough; at the opening of the court,
We will skip the motion docket and consider your report."

Sheriff Grabb then showed the party to the "ante"-room—up-stairs,
Where a table stacked with gun-wads had been check-mated with chairs.
It was four o'clock precisely; Spot-'em gently turned the key,
Saying, "Frauds, I'll act as banker—waltz your ducats up to me."

The analysis proceeded until twelve or thereabout,
When the stock of ardent spirits unexpectedly gave out.
Spot-'em wrote a note to Julius, saying, "Julius, if you
please,
Send us up a red-hot lunch for four; we're raking down
for threes."
And an order for *frumenti* and cigars was sent by
Brown,
Drawn on Thomas, of the "Wilder," chief nose-artist of
the town.

The committee stopped for supper, readjusted all their
loans,
And proceeded with fresh vigor in their researches for
Jones.
Just about this time, "the District Clerk of the afore-
said Court,"
By some unknown coincidence, dropped in to see the
sport.
Having hefted the *frumenti*, he did cheerfully reply
To their bland interrogations in regard to "chicken-
pie."
Unpaid fees in Spot-'em's cow case then were discounted
by Brown,
Which the clerk took out in gun-wads, most of which
young Jones raked down.

At the hour of three precisely, after four successful
raids,
Spot-'em raked down Snipe-'em's shirt studs on a hand
composed of spades;

Snipe-'em took a dose of tonic, and reluctantly resigned,
While the clerk, with sad bravado, went a collar-button
blind.

Hour by hour the game continued; Jones came in on
every draw,

But no syllable proceeded from that strange, abnormal
jaw.

On a bench snoozed Snipe-'em, sadly, in the corner of
the room,

While the smoked-up coal-oil chimney cast a deep,
sepulchral gloom;

And at times his troubled slumbering evoked uncon-
scious moans,

As if saying, "It is difficult—this analyzing Jones."

At last the time at which the court should reassemble
came;

It did not seem to influence the progress of the game;
They yet had not made up their minds concerning their
report,

And here we leave them briefly while we look in on the
court.

A *pro tem.* judge was on the bench; two members of
the bar

Assaulted twelve one-gallows men with words of legal
war.

The way was this: It seems that Smith, in opening his
case,

Had told the jury carelessly, as of some time or place,
That he had seen a real dead mule; his language was
not pat —

Of course nobody ever saw a mule as dead as that.
But still Smith was excusable—the heat of a debate
May lead a man unconsciously to slightly overstate.
Zeal for a client's lawsuit—the more if it be weak —
May make a lawyer's language go impalpably oblique.
But still, upon the other hand, an orator, forsooth,
Should try and keep his statements within gunshot of
the truth;

And Smith was very careless in observance of the rule
To make so rash a statement in regard to any mule.
Its absurdness never struck him, for he never stopped
to think;

All at once he dropped upon it when he saw a juror
wink.

Now if Smith had been sagacious, he immediately then
Would have modified that statement to those twelve
one-gallows men —

Would have intimated mildly that it might have been a
horse,

But he didn't; conscience smote him, and he sank down
with remorse —

Folded up as folds a primrose when the gates of day are
shut;

Folded up as folds a jack-knife when a chaw of plug is
cut.

The greater our experience the surer do we find
Remarks should be adaptable unto the hearer's mind.
Twelve preachers might have took it in, but Smith
 could never fool
Twelve citizens of Turkey Creek with reference to the
 mule.

Then up rose lawyer Soak-'em, and his lips were close
 compressed,
His left hand gripped his coat tail, his right was on his
 breast;
He gazed on the "palladium;" his look was stern and
 high—
In thunder tones he emphasized Smith's statement as
 a lie;
And then, in terms that Soak-'em took occasion to adorn,
He branded him—denounced him—held him up to
 public scorn,
Pointed his finger at him, and, in allegoric sense,
He peeled Smith's epidermis off and hung it on the
 fence.
Then in a few pathetic words he made allusion to
The immortality of mules, which every juror knew.
The jury cheered the diction that in such profusion
 came,
And Smith—he writhed in agony of hopeless grief
 and shame.
The jury then were eulogized appropriately neat—
Of course they found for Soak-'em without rising from
 their seat.

But how they reached the merits of the case is not so clear,

For the action they were trying was replevin for a steer.
And then the restless, coatless, but appreciative crowd
Gave Smith "the great, big horse-laugh," and he sat
there cold and cowed.

Hereupon came Brown and Spot-'em, Jones and Snipe-'em in the rear,

Arm in arm, each with his necktie dangling down below
his ear;

Each one made a short, spasmodic pull upon his
rumpled vest,

And, fronting up before the judge, the whole platoon
right-dressed.

"Hic—your honor," said old Snipe-'em, with a voice
diffuse, yet sweet,

"Hic—we've ma' der 'zamination mor' n'er usual complete;

We've jus gone—hic—thro' er can'idate; 's proficiency
is fair."

"Hic—you bet," said Brown, who eyed the court with
a mild, fishy glare.

"Went ri' through—hic—Jones," said Snipe-'em; "he
z'all ri'—hic—on 'er law;

He can draw 'er chattel mortgage—or three aces ever'
draw;

'Z got all Spot-'em's tex-books and reports; mine too—
hic—haint he, Brown?

Young—hic—Jones has got 'er principal law libr'y
now in town.

“'Z got 'er bully mor'l character—Jones squarer 'an a
string;

Raised old Spot-'em seventeen dollars, an' he didn't
have a thing;

'Z by all means admit—hic—Jones 'er bar; 'ose book
mus' stay in town;

Hic—old Spot's too full for utterance.” “Zas so,” re-
sponded Brown.

“Clerk, swear Hic Jones,” old *pro tem.* said, in lan-
guage gruff and quick.

(The court supposed that Jones's antecedent name was
“Hic.”)

Then the clerk said, somewhat vaguely, “You do swear
—hic—from 'is date,

You will solem'ny support 'er conistution of 'er State;
Be 'er lawyer of 'er bar from this date—hic—forthly
hence.

[Hold up 'er han']—all ri'—hic—bob—so help you
—fifty cents.”

Then the judge gave Jones a chromo; Jones received it
with delight,

And the whole platoon meandered, with a right flank—
hic—file right.

So delighted was a juror that the shingle nail was bust
That did duty as a button where the juror's jeans were
trussed;

But the cardiac formation of young Smith was turned
to stone—

Ah! how lurid Jones's future, and how dismal was his
own.

* * * * *

Years have passed, and Smith and Spot-'em have ex-
uded from the State;

Brown and Soak-'em work for Findlay, in the coal bank,
lifting slate;

Snipe-'em got in debt to every one, but Snipe-'em never
frets—

They made him go to Congress so that he could pay his
debts.

Jones is everywhere considered as a bright, peculiar star;
He's got one case they say will make his fortune at the
bar:

Ejectment for a dam-site on the shores of Yellow
Paint—

On that boulder-drifted shore,

Where the angry billows roar,

And the women loudly snore, whether they're asleep or
ain't.

He wrote and now delivers an exceedingly fine lecture
On "Proceedings in Tribunals of Penultimate Con-
jecture,"

And this very able thesis, though epitomised and short,
Contains the law for all the courts of *dernier* last resort.

Let us hope that Jones's future, so auspiciously begun,
May, like Snipe-'em's outlawed due bills, have sufficient
time to run.

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

I'm ignorant of music, but still, in spite of that,
I always drop a quarter in an organ grinder's hat.
I welcome on the pavement that old, familiar noise,
Around which there are gathered all the little girls and
boys,
While solemn, sad and hungry stands, a-turning at the
crank,
A nobleman of Europe from attenuated rank.

The nobleman chews plug, and gives, with organistic
glee,
A ballad of old Ireland, the jewel of the sea—
“The most distracted country that we have ever seen;
They're hangin' men and women there, for wearin' of
the green,—
For wearin' of the green, for wearin' of the green;
They're hangin' men and women there, for wearin' of
the green.”

And then I think of those who went away to war with
me

Who claimed a home in Ireland, the jewel of the sea;
My comrades and my messmates, none braver or more
true;

Holding aloft the stars and stripes, a-wearing of the
blue.

Alas! far down in Dixie their many graves are seen;
Beneath the grassy hillocks they are wearing of the
green.

Immortal little island! No other land or clime
Has placed more deathless heroes in the Pantheon of
time.

Anon the noble Roman brings his music to a halt;
There seems an indication of a neighboring revolt.
He takes a change of venue, of about a dozen feet,
And enfilades the windows that are fronting on the
street.

Around him whirl the girls and boys, with animated
glee.

Once more he grinds; I recognize "Der Deutscher Com-
panie."

"Der Deutscher companie ish der beshtest companie
Whatever coomed across from der old Charmanee;
Der Deutscher companie, der Deutscher companie"—
The music bears me backward to the year of '63.

I saw a German regiment step out from our brigade;
It marched across a meadow where a hundred cannon
 played;

Its bugles hurled defiance; it skirmished up a slope
Amid a fire that gave no man a promise of a hope.

They fell like wheat; they came not back; at night no
 bugles played—

There was no German regiment attached to our brigade.

The world has seen thy valor, O land of song and vine!
Since Hermann plucked the eagles from the ramparts
 of the Rhine.

Down valor's lustrous colonnade is seen the marble
 throng—

Thy warriors and thy scholars, O land of vine and song.

About this time the nobleman is asked to take a rest;
The fires of indignation light his Romulistic breast.
He stops the crank; he gazes up, defiantly, yet mute,
While from the second story there proceeds an ancient
 boot.

With steady gaze he watches it, and, like a man of
 nerve,

He accurately calculates its hyperbolic curve.

He dodges it; he marches on; but soon this man of
 Rome

Begins again to turn the crank — “Johnny comes march-
 ing home.”

“When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah,
 hurrah;

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah,
hurrah—

The women will sing, the men will shout,
The boys and girls will all turn out;
We'll all be gay when Johnny comes marching home."

And then I think of those again who went with me to
war—

They knew where they were going, and what they went
there for.

They felt that there was little left of present or of
past,

Of hope, of home, of future, if the die was wrongly cast.
Fires smouldered at the firesides; when the Nation
called: "To arms!"

My comrades left the forests, the foundries, the farms,
They fought the Nation's battles, on the land and on
the sea—

Alas! alas! no millionaire went off to war with me.
The merit of the country marched, and filled the Union
ranks—

The money of the country marched, and filled the En-
glish banks.

At last the war was over, and Johnny ceased to roam—
He came with bugles playing; the specie sneaked back
home.

O, outcast organ grinder, thy simple ballads start
The frenzy of the cyclone through the highlands of my
heart.

Some sneer thy ragged music, because to them there
comes

No bawling of the bugles, no raving of the drums.

They hear no "boots and saddles" sounding in the mid-
night chill;

They hear no angry cannon thunder up the rocky hill;
They hear no canteens rattle; they see no muskets shine,
As ranks sweep by in double quick to brace the skir-
mish line.

Go play thy simple music, O friendless sport of fate!

The ballads of the people are the bulwarks of the state.

The bugles that hang dreaming now, like bats upon the
wall,

Remember well those choruses that rose above the call;
And in unconscious musings, those battered bugles see
The glories of the future in the centuries to be.

THE SHORT-HAIRED POET.

[Delivered to an editorial convention.]

Poems and poets and poetic lays

Have almost filled their missions and their days;

The times have passed when minstrels' lyric strings
Depicted battles and applauded kings.

The time is past of sovereigns and seers;

The time is past of paladins and peers;

Once more again is coming on the stage

The long lost era of an iron age.

The days of long-haired poets now are o'er;
The short-haired poet seems to have the floor;
And now the world cannot attend to rhymes
That do not catch the spirit of the times.

Who cares *who* stole the coupons of old Cræsus?
Who cares who stole the Thracian steeds of Rhesus?
Who cares how Menelaus lost his wife?
Who cares how Mr. Paris lost his life?

What matters it how Alba Longa grew,
Flourished, and plundered every one it knew?
To long-haired poets themes like these belong—
The short-haired poet sings another song.

The short-haired poet has no muse nor chief;
He sings of corn; he eulogizes beef;
And in the springtime his æsthetic soul
Bursts forth in vernal eulogies on coal.

He thinks the sunflower nothing but a weed,
And thinks far less of fancy than of feed.
The power of kings, in his poetic dream,
Can cut no figure with the power of steam.

These long-haired themes abandoned in a lump,
He sings of Business—"business from the jump;"
And in this verse we hope that you will find
A modest poem of the brief-haired kind.

Our theme is Business, and we gladly sing
That which the world now honors as its king;
Although we hear of crowns and titled gold,
Flour and pig iron now the scepter hold.

The time is precious, and the world's mad rush
Stops not for moonshine, sentiment nor gush.
Untimely is the minstrel who essays
The pomp or pride of royalty to praise.

For, at the present, man's progressive scope
Is due far less to royalty than soap;
Is due far more to workshops and to farms —
Briarean Business with its hundred arms.

I'll tell a story of those games of old
Which all the nations gathered to behold;
Where arms and harpers struggled, and obtained
The laurel prizes which the victors gained;

And where the vast assemblage shouted loud
To praise a victor and to do him proud.
And I will tell you how it happened here
That two contesting harpers did appear.

One in his hand a golden harp he bore,
A golden fillet on his forehead wore;
And from his shoulder, with embroidered fold,
Did hang a mantle of brocaded gold.

The other harper to the contest brings
An iron harp, with ripe, sonorous strings;
His hair was brief, and there at times did fly
That bilious glare of genius from his eye.

The vast assemblage standing round about
Received the harpers with a deafening shout,
And when at last the tumult died away
The judges motioned for the harps to play.

Gilded Chloranthus now begins his song,
Which jars in harsh, chaotic notes along;
He sings of kings, and gold. Alas! it finds
But little favor in the judges' minds.

The audience listen, and are not exempt
From feelings both of anger and contempt.
He sings how gold, not brains, controls the earth;
How gold makes rank, and then how rank makes worth;

That kings are heaven appointed, and maintains
That gold can buy all bravery, and all brains.
Chloranthus ceased, and through the crowd there went
An unmistakable symptom of dissent.

And now, with notes sonorous, clear and sharp,
Begins Timesis of the iron harp.
He sings how iron makes a nation proud;
He sings how gold to iron always bowed;

Sings of unwall'd, yet iron-guarded towns;
He sings of iron keels, and iron crowns;
How Klion's golden helmet failed to save
Beneath the blow of Thraxis' iron glaive.

He sang how Midas begged so long and much
The gift Jove gave him of the golden touch,
And how at last king Midas tried to shift
The consequences of the fatal gift.

And then he sang how princely Glaucus sold
His dingy arms for arms of solid gold;
How, on the field, the wounded Glaucus lay,
While victors bore the arms and sash away;

How, in the fight, his ardent course was checked,
His golden shield unable to protect.
Thus from the iron wire the music swept;
Thus through the song the classic phantoms stepped—

And ceasing said: "Of kingly power and gold
Too much already are the people told."
And when the wire ceased trembling, long and loud
Came up the approbation of the crowd.

Gilded Chloranthus asks another trial,
And meeting from the judges no denial,
He starts again, but vainly he aspires
To tempt the music from the gilded wires.

Than kings and gold no other song he sings;
No other notes will leave the golden strings;
And when he starts another lyric bold,
It breaks and runs into "the power of gold."

Then from the crowd a fitful murmur rose
That brought his hapless efforts to a close;
And when at last the crowd was silent, then
The iron harp and harper start again.

He sings of hardships, and he sings of arts —
Twin themes responsive in all human hearts;
He sings of mariners, he sings of mines;
He sings of viaducts, he sings of vines;

He sings how sturdy workmen tug upon
The marble ledges of Pentelicon.
He sings of piers built out in ocean foams;
Of "woven-winged, sea-wandering sailor-homes;" *

Of daring pilots, guiding at the helm
Commercial tri-remes to some distant realm.
He sings of bridges, and he sings of roads;
Of Spartan manners and of iron codes;

He sings of Marathon and of Platea,
And how republics fight for an idea.
He sings the Future, and the First Great Cause;
The birth of morals, and the growth of laws;

* Æschylus.

How nations owe far less to soldiers' drill
Than to the forge, and iron workers' skill;
How private rights will slow and surely fail,
As labor lowers in the social scale;

How Freedom grows; how tyrannies decay,
As arts evolve, and labor gets its pay.
And as along Timesis poured his song,
A frightful frenzy seized upon the throng;

They strip the golden harper of his crown
And in the race course it is trampled down;
The golden mantle from his shoulders wrung,
And in the sea harper and harp are flung.

And then Timesis sang a song of old:
"Thus perish they who sing of kings and gold."
Now do not burlesque what Timesis said,
And, Twain-like, ask me if the man is dead.

Your blank expressions, like a billiard cue,
Carom me back to what I had in view —
Which was, to soar in rash, poetic notes;
To sing of pigs, macadam, poultry, oats.

I would not mix at this auspicious time
Low, drawling verses on hydraulic lime;
But in Icarian flight would seek the skies
On carpets, coal oil, cotton, railroad ties.

Fain would I sing of prints, of coffee A;
Of harness, harrows, hoop poles, hymn books, hay.
Fain would I sing of rope whose twisted coil
Holds new washed shirts and horse thieves from the
soil;

Of Kansas fire brick that can stand "cremation;"
Of blacksmiths' bellows that can stand "inflation;"
Of arts and artizans both great and small—
But we must cease; our verse won't hold them all.

A long-haired bard a story once did spin;
I'll clip its hair, and gently lead it in.
It says that in Laomedon's employ
Old Neptune built the battlements of Troy;

And when he asked the monarch for his pay,
The monarch stood him back and answered, "Nay."
Then Neptune struck his trident on the strand,
And steel-clad squadrons sprang up from the sand;

He beat his trident on the ocean's banks—
Up sprang battalions with their iron ranks.
The king was filled with terror and dismay;
He issued bonds and Neptune got his pay.

O king-crowned Business! from thy height sublime
Thou overlookest every land and clime.
Alike thou seest where thy southern sails
Plow up the billows and repulse the gales;

As where the northern steamers from their track
Beat both the wild winds and the wild waves back.
No longer dost thou stretch thy feeble hands
O'er inland seas, and river-bounded lands;

No longer on the ocean to and fro,
Borne by the breezes, do thy galleys go
That time is over, and thou now dost bring
The world to do thee homage as its king.

More potently than Neptune art thou crowned:
Beat down thy iron trident on the ground,
And ere the echo of the blow is done
The brick-built cities sparkle in the sun;

Beat down thy trident where the sea surf raves,
And snow white navies rise amid the waves;
And where thy iron trident strikes the strand
The cities maratime in clusters stand.

But when thy energy is turned away
The nations crumble, and the states decay;
And blocks Cyclopean in the sands lie drifted
To show how empires fade, how realms are rifted,
When from their soil thy trident has been lifted.

The world is but an ocean of unrest
Whose tidal billows wander to the West;
For age on age the ancient East did hold
Unnumbered people and uncounted gold.

Most happy Kansas! prosperous and free,
She rests upon the margin of the sea;
And day by day upon her shores are hurled
The tidal billows of the olden world.

And Business, now, with unremitting toil
Goes beating down his trident on the soil;
And, as he moves, the fields of yellow grain
Rise waiving on the prairie and the plain;

And scarce the soil his iron trident meets,
Up springs a city with a hundred streets:
The streets are crowded, Business gives a smile,
And moves on, pounding in Neptunian style.

O'er Western wilds the printing press each year
Becomes a braver, bolder pioneer.
No dangers daunt it, and no toils o'ertax;
It camps beside the rifle and the axe;

And while the night stars in the west decline,
The types are clicking on the picket line;
And where to-day unnumbered wild deer run,
To-morrow's trade, like Memnon, greets the sun.

Once Noble Prentis did a story tell
About one mule, that tumbled in a well;
And how they threw down straw, until, all right,
The mule just tramped his way up to the light.

The Kansas press has had that way to do —
To leave the bed-rock and to work up through.
The well is filled — the times have changed since then;
The mule is out and can't fall back again.

The last year's wildernesses bloom to-day;
"Through scars to stars" the live State makes its way.
In such progressive times as these we guess
Most easily the duty of the Press.

The duty of the Press is, day by day,
To swindle old Oblivion of his prey.
It is its special duty to reveal
The frightful havoc of some foeman's *steal*;

Like porcupines to fling a lively quill,
Or hurl plumbago with destructive skill.
The epic bard, the minstrel with his rhymes,
Were once the sole historians of the times;

Barbaric night has fled before the dawn:
The harps lie stringless, and the bards are gone.
The printing press has now usurped their power
And clanks Clionian music hour by hour;

While from the pen the ink drops day by day
Are drowning kings, and washing thrones away,
The local Press should sedulously strive
To build up business and to make it live.

Business is what the people want to hear;
The Press should echo it from far and near.
No town can hope prosperity and trade,
Unless the Press shall vigorously aid.

The local Press must utter loud and long
Commercial lyrics in unceasing song;
Must sing, in notes sonorous, clear and sharp,
Songs that re-echo like Timesis' harp.

But if the Press, in irresponsible strains,
Shall fail to sing of business and of brains;
Shall leave the people and the people's toil;
Shall rise above the workshop and the soil;

And if the people shall at last behold
A Press responsive to the power of gold,
A change will come; and then the Press will be
Thrown, like the gilded harper—in the sea.

With such high duties honored, we may guess
What is the future mission of the Press.
'Tis theirs to be, as in some clock tower high,
Seeing and seen by all both far and nigh;

'Tis theirs to be the dial of the times,
And mark the progress of all lands and climes.
As useful arts come struggling up through trial,
The Press records them on its iron dial;

And as its iron fingers slowly mark
The forward movement on the iron arc,
The world looks up with fervor from below,
Watching the iron minutes come and go.

What Kansas wants is pioneers, not partisans;
Wants poorer orators but better artisans.
The politicians have become redundant,
The moribund ones should be mori-bundant.

We've gathered here from places far away;
Have brought our knitting and intend to stay;
And all of us—the greater part at least—
Like ancient wise men, came here from the East.

We do not live so elegant and well
As we've been "used to"—if you heard us tell—
For some of us in marble halls lived grand;
And now our only hauls are, hauling sand.

And those who nations' destinies might sway,
Are out here breaking prairie by the day.
Men who have led brigades with bugle sounding
Are here police, nomadic pigs impounding.

Men for whom senates would suspend their rules
Are using oratory, here, to mules;
And he who watered Eastern stock completes
His education, here, in watering streets.

But over this we must not feel depressed —
We're building up the empire of the West.
We have our ills, but these will soon be passed;
Sorrows, like boots, aren't always on the last.

These trifling troubles soon will shrink away
Like dew, and gamblers, at the break of day.
Those honored names we gladly would applaud
Who visit us this evening from abroad,

Although not well acquainted, we meanwhile
Have read your papers and we like your style.
We do not let your efforts go to waste;
We have applauded with the shears and paste;

And, speaking metaphorically, thus
We stuck to you, and hope you will to us.

A ROMANCE.

PREFACE.

When a person knows a story that he thinks he ought
to tell,
If he doesn't get to tell it, why of course he don't feel
well ;
And if no one stops to listen, why of course a man
will feel
All broke up and dislocated, and uneasy as an eel ;
That's the reason that I ask you, in a sad, imploring
way :
Here's a little, bob-tailed gushlet, I will tell it if you
stay.

CHAPTER I.

Well ! the heroes of my story are a maiden and a youth ;
Sam was raised in Indiana, and the girl lived in Duluth.
Where my subjects met each other, I presume I can't
relate—

I am told it was Wisconsin, and suppose that is the
State ;

Sam was storing ardent spirits, and engaged in ped-
dling stencils,

While the girl was mangling hash with some old hotel
utensils ;

And they met and loved each other, in that rash,
erratic way

That is told of in the novel, or is acted in the play.

How a man can go distracted on a female, as her lover,
Is a mystery to me that I never could discover ;
And I wish I could discover why a woman likes a man
With such *horrible* devotion, but I don't believe I can.

On the shores of Yellow Paint,
After winter, cold and chill,
When the spring-time strikes its focus,
By what magic hocus-pocus
Come the primrose and the crocus,
On the meadow and the hill ?
Whyfore buds the hamamelis ?
Whyfore twining up the trellis ?
Whyfore, from the painted lattice,
Does the columbine peep at us ?
If you'll answer this, I'll fill
You with ardent spirits gratis.

In this world of mirth and music, pork, pomposity and
pain,
There is absolutely nothing human beings can explain.
Here I leave the realms of reason, disappointed as I
am,
And return unto my subject, the Wisconsin girl and
Sam.

Oh, the way they loved each other, it is vain to try to
tell —
Why ! they sickened all the boarders of a second-class
hotel ;

This, of course, used up the landlord, who collapsed for
want of custom—
He ran off and left the merchants he was owing, and
it bust 'em;
Then the heavy business fortunes went a-tumbling into
wrecks
And the banks began suspending and a-certifying
checks.

Oh, such frantic, furious loving, rabid, restless, reck-
less, rash!
No! the people couldn't stand it, and the city went to
smash;
All the citizens protested, and the subjects of our stan-
zas
Fished their trunks out of the window, and en-routed
it for Kansas.

(Pyrotechnic exhibitions of affection ought to grieve—
But they've made the world a circus ever since the
days of Eve.
Should you call these words ironic, you will make a big
mistake,
For ferruginous remarks are just the kind I never
make.)

At this point I end my story; by the way that you re-
ceive it,
And the honest way I tell it, I believe that you be-
lieve it.

CHAPTER II.

On the shores of Yellow Paint, where the billows loudly
 roar,

Where the blue-eyed zephyrs faint, and the blue-eyed
 women snore,

On a bluff beside the billows—on a bold, projecting
 bluff—

Stands a large and stately building, that is made of
 native stuff;

And around it are the meadows, and the orchards and
 the fields;

High-priced cattle lowing gently, while the modest
 Berkshire squeals;

And around it leaves of Autumn promenade with reck-
 less rustle,

And around it Kansas zephyrs play with customary
 muscle.

Do you ask me who resides here—I must say, in tear-
 ful tones,

That said building is infested by a bachelor called
 Jones.

On the shores of Yellow Paint, where the billows sadly
 rave,

Where unhappy zephyrs plaint o'er the graveyard and
 the grave,

Where the cypress and the yew let the struggling sun-
 beams through,

And the marble bids adieu to the beautiful and brave,
Stands a splendid mausoleum, and the interesting annals
Of the owner are presented *in extenso* on the panels;

And the tomb is minaretted with a white Carrara shaft,
That is longer than the oar-pole of a Mississippi raft.

Should you ask me what proud being underneath this
 marble lies,
Should you ask whose loving fingers caused these sou-
 venirs to rise,
Should you ask me whose loud virtues on the marble
 are set down —
Having given a perusal, I should say his name was
 Brown.

Brown, you see, was very wealthy, and they built this
 to attract
The attention of the bugler, when the final doom was
 cracked.
On the massive marble panels there are finely written
 down
Many schedules of the virtues and nobilities of Brown —
Many virtues great and rare; but I cannot help from
 feeling
They omitted Brown's best virtue — legal, lawful, thrifty
 stealing.

CHAPTER III.

Now I think I hear you tell me, in the most emphatic
 tones,
‘Tell your story — blast your Paint Creek ! — we don't
 care for Brown or Jones.’

I decline to be chopped off, sir; and besides, this slight
digression
Has been told by way of kindness, to correct a false
impression.

It might happen in the future that you'd visit Yellow
Paint,

Where the billows wildly roar, where the saucy sea
gulls soar,

And the women loudly snore, whether they're asleep
or ain't;

And beholding Jones' "lay-out," you would instantly
declare

My romantic hoop-pole lover was a-living over there.

Then you'd pass along in silence, and your heart grow
cold and sad,

And you'd take a dose of "ruin," if the fluid could be
had;

And you'd talk of deathless loving, and devotion deep
and true;

All at once you'd see Brown's marble, mid the cypress
and the yew—

Tomb of him o'er whose bright virtues an inscription
sadly grieves,

While the column flings its outline through the mesh-
work of the leaves;

And you'd say, "See there! that column; it must cer-
tainly belong

To the wild Wisconsin maiden—she who loved so deep
and strong;"

And you'd go and tell the story to the first one you
would see—

Tell how wildly strong their love was; tell how Samuel
and she

Produced a first-class panic and demoralized a town.

You'd say, "There sleeps her potash"—you'd turn
and point to Brown.

But you wouldn't be correct, for some long-haired,
frontier mammoth

Wed the girl and started westward, and they're living
out at Klamath.

Four large boys get daily flouncings from the tough,
maternal withe,

And a woman runs that outfit, by the novel name of
Smith.

Sam is keeping a saloon up in Canada, Toronto,

And he drinks his ardent spirits, just like you do, when
you want to;

Naught he careth for the maiden, whether she's extant
or not,

For she long has been forgotten, just as Sam has been
forgot.

CHAPTER IV.

From the shores of Yellow Paint,

Where the billows loudly roar,

From that adamantine shore,

Where the blue-eyed zephyrs faint,

And the women loudly snore,

Whether they're asleep or ain't,

Comes the burden of my song.

When you love a girl, you ourght
Not to make it sweet and short—
Love her light, but love her long.
If you love her wild and strong,
You will soon be better taught—
She will leave you without thought.
Should you have a maiden's love—
Love her light, but love her long.

I'm opposed to moralizing, in a solemn spot like this,
But in fact man ain't constructed for a heavy strain of
bliss.

Human beings are like boilers, and the same rules, it
would seem,

Have an equal application to affection and to steam.
Making love and putting steam on will entail the same
mishaps—

When you get on too much pressure, all is lost by a
collapse.

Now, I think I hear you ask me, in the most imploring
tones,

“Do us full poetic justice—tell us, what became of
Jones?”

On the shores of Yellow Paint, break the angry billows
still;

Still the marble column gleams, and the angry white
gull screams,

While the habitat of Jones still is seen upon the hill;

There the able-bodied zephyrs, with their melancholy
moans,
Rock my native-lumber shanty—I'm the bachelor
called JONES.

A CORN POEM.

[Delivered at Kansas Celebration, Centennial 4th of July, 1876.]

Our President and Governor have said,
In proclamations that you all have read,
That we the record of the hundred years,
Its hopes, its histories, its pioneers,
Should hear in public; wishing to obey,
We meet together on the present day.

As local annals and such themes as those
Are more attractive when addressed in prose,
And as the dense statistics of the times
Are somewhat irreducible to rhymes,
We leave those subjects to their proper charge,
And take the liberty to roam at large.
There have been men who into verse complete
Could rhyme a township map or tax receipt;
But no such man is here. Ourselves to-day
Must treat of subjects in a general way.
While present prices rule on steers and grain,
Divine, first-class emotion can't sustain.
At such low figures, any Kansas muse
All pyrotechnic efforts must refuse;

Dates, names, statistics, and such themes as those
Must go remanded to the realms of prose;
So here a humble poem we commence,
Equivalent to corn at twenty cents.

Nate Price, of Troy, at Leavenworth last June,
Told of a backwoods Arkansaw saloon:
Two gay "commercial tourists," somewhat dry,
Stepped in for drinks as they were passing by.
Says one: "Some lemon in my tumbler squeeze."
The other says: "Some sugar, if you please."
Each got a pistol pointed at his head —
"You'll take her straight," the bar-keep gravely said.
The gay commercial tourists bowed to fate,
And took their drinks and exits somewhat straight.

The humble poem that we here begin
Has got no lemon and no sugar in.
It's as it is, and we beg leave to state,
On this "auspicious day" you'll take it straight.

My theme to-day is History — not the shelf
Whereon she sets her idols, but herself.

If I examine history aright,
I read of one long and unbroken fight —
One long, thrill drama; every scene and act
Contains the record of a city sacked.
From time to time the curtain drops amain
On cities blazing, with defenders slain;

Yet, ere their ashes have had time to cool,
They start again to opulence and rule.
To what strange power, so vitalized and strong,
Do these recurrent energies belong?
Whence come the latent forces that re-rear,
From ash and wave, the palace and the pier?

No answer back the old historian brings;
His is a tale of battles and of kings.
His prose and verse were written to proclaim
Some useless battle, or some kingly name—
No honor granted to the brains or toil
That pluck the wealth from mountain, sea and soil.
They leave that out—but throw distinguished light
Upon the least minutiae of a fight.
They name the leaders, and each word they said;
The hour, the spot, some phalanx charged, or fled;
The time and place some squadron came in view,
And what it did, or what it failed to do;
And then because some something was not done,
This king, or that, is whipped and has to run.
Then come three cheers for the successful king,
And bugles peel—like slippery elms in spring.

Since Cecrops landed on the Grecian shore,
Brought on a stock—started a country store—
Picked out a site by some prophetic guess,
And boomed old Athens to a grand success,
The human mind has always sought renown
In founding states, or building up a town.
Full four and thirty centuries have passed
Since enterprising Cecrops breathed his last,

And many cities since that early day
Have grown up grandly, and have passed away;
Yet ancient chroniclers forget to state
What built the cities, and what made them great.
Of those of whom the olden stories sing,
The greatest hero is the unknown king.
Of him of whom old history gives no clew —
This unknown king — declare I unto you.

Who framed the social structure? paid the bill?
Who organized its labor and its skill?
Who built the ships and wharfs? Who wove the sail?
Who fed their armies? and who forged their mail?
No answer ancient history gives back.
These unknown kings no wealthy cities sack;
And history, with proud, patrician frown,
Ignores a power that never burned a town.
Read of the growth of states, and you will find
Their opulence to some great king assigned;
And being king, by accident or force,
He gets the credit, as a thing of course.
Now, when the truth is told, it shows two things:
First, states are rich and great in spite of kings;
And next, that nations opulent are made
By neither kings nor battles, but by trade.

Old Business is the monarch. He rules both
The opulence of nations and their growth.
Him that we call endearingly "Old Biz" —
He does the work; the credit all is *his*.

He builds their cities and he paves their streets,
He feeds their armies and equips their fleets.
Kings are his puppets, and *his* arm alone
Contains the muscle that can prop a throne;
Soon would the gilded fabric tumble down
Were Business not the regent of the crown.

Old History, stand up! We wish to ask
Why you so meanly have performed your task.
Under your arm you have a showy book,
In which we now insist that we may look;
Would like to see what's in that gilt-edged tome.
Say, did Old Business ever reign in Rome?
You say he didn't? Well, may we inquire
If the aforesaid Business reigned at Tyre?
"Don't b'lieve he did?" Well, look the index through
And see if he is mentioned *once* by you.
"Can't find his name?" Well, that is somewhat queer.
Say, of Old Business did you ever hear?
You never did? Well, I'm inclined to think
Pens full of pigs, and not pens full of ink,
Should be the object of your future skill,
And that your book should feed the paper mill.
Oh, History! the language may be broad,
But we must here impeach thee as a fraud.

There is a cheerful story that is told
About a great Egyptian king of old;
He thought to build a lighthouse on an isle
That fronted on the delta of the Nile.
He thought to take the money of the state,
Build something big, and be forever great.

He called for architects, selected one,
And turned him over treasure by the ton.
On that flat isle, o'er which the breakers curled,
Rose up the second wonder of the world;
Far o'er the land and distant ocean viewn,
Five hundred feet in snow white marble hewn;
And on its summit, watch fires, day and night,
Directed shipping with a constant light —
The tower of Pharos, capped with massive ledge,
Bearing the monarch's name upon the edge,
And o'er the sea for many a league marine
The royal name of Ptolemy was seen.
The architect, unhonored and unknown,
Died, leaving all the credit to the throne;
The man whose splendid genius planned and wrought
Was not considered worthy of a thought.
Then died the king, and people one by one
Spoke of the tower as something *he* had done.
There stands the lighthouse, but each new decade
Beholds the king's inscription slowly fade.
It dimmer grows, until it fades from sight,
And then a new inscription comes to light;
The architect asserts *his* rightful claim —
Where stood the king's, now stands the builder's name.
The king's name, wrought in stucco work and paint,
Each year beheld grow dimmer and more faint;
Filled with cement, this sentence had been hid:
“For mariners, by Sos-tra-tos, of Cnid.”

The rugged letters, carved in massive Greek,
The builder and his residence bespeak,
While in the dust, upon the sea and shore,
The kingly name goes scattered evermore.

Great states, whose splendid ruins scattered lie,
Have stood like wonders in the days gone by;
And every state, before it met decay,
Has ruled the world on some eventful day —
Has taken rule by virtue of its sons.
Through every state the thread of empire runs;
The ancient nations and the ancient creeds
Are strung on *empire* like a row of beads;
And on the ruins that in silence sleep,
The name of Business has been graven deep.
And he has made them be what they have been;
Has made them win because they needs must win.
And he the architect, who planned and wrought,
Building no better than he knew and thought —
And over all, in stucco work and paint,
The names of kings are feebly seen and faint.

The now aggressive spirit of the age
Adds to old History an unwritten page.
Chip off the paint and plaster, and anew
Restore the name of Business to our view.

Vain were an effort, in this modern age,
To tell when Business came upon the stage;
First when and where he hung his shingle out,
Is, like a jury trial, full of doubt.

The first important European town,
In point of time and subsequent renown,
Was Athens; and when founded, facts attest
That nerve and business then were tending west.
If, for a point of time to fix upon,
We take the era of King Solomon,
We find that restless movement of the race
Toward the western world is taking place;
The emigration has become so vast,
With buccaneers the seas are swarming fast;
Athens grows large, and public spirit calls
For graded streets and more extensive walls;
Then Greece fills up, until the moving host
Is banked upon the Adriatic coast.
The sea but for a moment stops the tide:
Brundisium springs from the Italian side.
Then west by north, in undiminished size,
The volume of the emigration plies;
Back o'er the line, to deep Brundisium's bay,
Rome builds and paves the world-wide Appian way.
Checked by the western sea, the restless tide
Builds up a chain of cities, side by side.
Then, seeking vent on scarce divergent lines,
Boils through the foot hills of the Apennines,
Builds Florence, Milan, Genoa, Turin,
Halts at the Alps, but halts to re-begin;
Then, like a pent-up torrent, the advance
Pours through the Alps and floods the plains of France.
The path of empire follows in its train;
The western world it gives to Charlemagne.

Still on it goes, the straits of Dover crossed,
England opposes, but her cause is lost;
The island fills, no land is left; then she
Starts out to grasp the empires of the sea.

Who planned this movement? Who impelled the tide?
Kings tried to stop it, but as vainly tried.
How quickly is the frail conundrum guessed:
It was Old Business—he was going west.

This bright New World—its wonderful career,
Is too well known to be examined here;
Its hopes, its progress, rapid and diverse,
Need greater inspiration to rehearse.
To-day we turn the hour glass, and anew
The sands of a fresh century start through.

On July Fourth we always float the flag
And push the old bald eagle from the crag;
Fly him the length and breadth of this fair land,
From the Penobscot to the Rio Grande;
Then without rest we quickly start him on
A trip from Florida to Oregon;
Then bring him back, and boost him to the sky,
And let him stay there till the next July.

Oh, grand old bird! o'er many a weary mile
They've made you sail in oratoric style,
While fledgling speakers, in refulgent prose,
Capped many a gorgeous climax as you rose.

To-day our choicest colors are unfurled,
Soar up, proud bird, and circle round the world.
And we predict that nowhere will you find
A place like Kansas that you left behind.
He who has lived in Kansas, though he roam,
Can find no other spot and call it "Home."

As Ingalls says, a Kansas man may stray —
May leave — perchance depart, or go away —
In short may roam, but, be it anywhere,
He must return, if he can raise the fare.
No other State those wants so well subserve
Of enterprise, of energy, of nerve;
No other State more thoroughly maintains
A deep, firm hold on enterprise and brains;
No other State has held a greater power
To meet the harsh requirements of the hour.
Though border war her cities overrun,
Though swarms of locusts shade the summer sun,
No matter what misfortunes may occur,
The State goes on as if they never were.
Cities arise where towns were burned before,
The prairies sparkle with the church and store,
And painted harvesters, fleet after fleet,
Like yachts, career through seas of waving wheat.

We all believe in Kansas; she's our State,
With all the elements to make her great —
Young men, high hopes, proud dreams — 'tis ours to see
The State succeed to what the State should be.

And when a hundred years have drifted by,
When comes the next Centennial July,
When other orators, in other verse,
Far better days in better ways rehearse,
When other crowds, composed of other men,
Shall re-enact the present scene again,
May they be able then to say that she
Is all that we have wished the State to be.

THE MEDICINE MAN.

A STORY OF A KANSAS PIONEER.

Stories often teem with sadness — this is desolate and
grim:

It is of a Kansas doctor, and the way we treated him;
And the object of these verses is an eloquent appeal
To those higher, nobler feelings that, of course, you
know, you feel.

Any man who hears this story is obliged to shed a tear;
When I read it to the editor that runs the *Pioneer*
Hopeless melancholy took him in, and for a week or
more

He was wading round in gum boots through the tears
upon the floor.

Out to Kansas came a doctor, wide awake and full of
pluck;

Up in Atchison he settled, and he leaned up close to
luck.

There he hung out his diploma, and he stayed from
spring to fall,
But he never saw an invalid, and never got a call.

Colonel Martin then advised him that more practice
could be got
If he only shipped his talent to suburban Wyandotte.
Up in Wyandotte he lingered just about a year in all,
And he talked about his college, but he never reached
a call.

Buchan said: "Raid Topeka;" but Taylor calmly said:
"Try Leavenworth or Lawrence, 'hwich' are better, in
their stead."

Lawrence, Leavenworth, Topeka yielded similar results,
And he felt much disappointment, but he didn't feel
much pulse.

One sad day he met with Murdock, who observed:
"Come down below;
Try the Nile of sunny Kansas;" and the doctor said
he'd go.

First he cashed a fat ancestral draft; then, plunging in
the dark,
Gave to fortune and to Murdock the direction of his
bark.

Down at Wichita he anchored, but his chance was just
as slim;
His bark was all Peruvian—they had no need of him.
Shortly after he had opened out in busy Wichita,
He absorbed by merest accident the rudiments of
"draw."

His office stayed unopened for a few eventful days;
He diagnosed that noble game in all its wondrous ways.
One eve he found a bob-tailed flush of most important
size;
He stayed behind it, and became a pauper in disguise.

Then said he: "This 'bleeding Kansas' is no place for
me to dwell,
One lone 'call' in three years and a half, and the man
that 'called' was well."
Then a very lonesome shirt or two into his trunk he
stored,
And he left his watch in mortmain with his landlord
for his board;
And he straightened up, disgusted, and relieved his
burdened mind
With opinions of the country he was now to leave be-
hind.

"There is something to this country that I do not
understand;
Working, scheming, trade and business, lively lawsuits,
labor, land.
There is not that noble yearning here for pills and cul-
tured thought:
All my classic erudition is both useless and unsought;
And the people, as I find them, are as ignorant as
geese
Of the woes of Asia Minor and the Iliad of Greece.

“No one stops to read my sheepskin that has hung
from week to week;

No one ever mentions Ajax, no one ever mentions
Greek.

People suffer in abundance from the most unheard-of
health,

And they keep acquiring lawsuits and accumulating
wealth.

Day by day a man keeps working, just as happy as a
clam,

If he only has the cash to buy a lawsuit and a ham.

“Only yesterday I saw a man I thought would surely
die;

He had got a compound, comminuted fracture of the
thigh.

Aching but a half an hour or so, the leg declined to
swell,

He poured cold water on it, and the next day it was
well.

Then he worked six hours that afternoon, and, ere the
sun went down,

He got into a lawsuit with the fattest man in town.

“Now and here I pack my little trunk. By vum! I
wouldn't stay

In climates where a man gets old, dries up, and blows
away;

Wouldn't live in a community where fortunes every
week

Can be made by men without the slightest rudiments
of Greek.

Let me—let me find some sickly, classic, sentimental
spot.

Here, sir! check my baggage eastward, *via* Paint Creek
and Fort Scott."

Then he wiped the perspiration from his high and noble
brow,

And he filed some affidavits that I don't remember now.
Shortly after this, a mule train, from the westward
coming slow,

Camped beside the raging Paint Creek, with the doctor
on the go.

An old army mule that evening, after supper, just for
fun,

Kicked and broke the doctor's arms and legs, and all
his ribs but one.

This old mule would make a hero for a romance or a
song;

When the drums beat, and the bugles sounded battle
loud and long,

He enlisted in the army, and he helped to pull a train,
Up the mountains, down the valleys, through the sun-
shine and the rain;

And right well he served his country, for he knew
where duty lay;

He could live for weeks on end-gates, when they couldn't
give him hay.

No complaining, no desertion; through the gumbo to
the hub,
Week by week our long-eared hero jerked a wagon
load of grub.
Lightning struck him, cannon shot him, but he never
failed nor flunked;
Danger left him as it found him—undiscouraged, un-
defunct,
And in all my army service I have never seen a mule
With a keener comprehension of the educated fool.
He would spot a man instanter, if he overheard him
speak
About Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Correlation, Force or
Greek.
He would work and watch in silence, and look sheepish
day by day,
One eye closed in meditation, till that man got in his
way;
Then that person's friends were lucky if they did not
have to make
A collection of their comrade with a basket and a rake.
Three long days and nights the doctor in my shanty
did remain;
Oftentimes he'd grow despondent, and have symptoms
of a pain;
Oftentimes he'd seem discouraged, and would say in
accents weak:
"Oh! condemn a State where folks get rich without a
word of Greek."

Then his language would get flighty from the pressure
of his ills,
Mixing Latin, Greek and Ajax up with three jacks
checks and pills.
But I knew he would recover, or, at least, I thought I
knew
That the ozone in the climate was dead sure to bring
him through.
On the fifth day, convalescent, rose this damaged guest
of mine,
And upon the sixth, all right, but sad, he crossed the
Kansas line.
Left behind him in his exit were ambition, hope and
spunk;
Kansas retained his enmity—Paint Creek retained his
trunk.

Now a true poetic justice very rigidly asserts
That I ought to add a sequel to our hero and his shirts;
And a thorough comprehension of the reason of the
rule,
Says the sequel might embody something further of the
mule.

Well, our hapless, trunkless hero has regained his native
State;
He's æsthetic; he's got wisdom, and is honored—but
sedate.
He has found congenial country, rich and sickly, so to
speak,
Where the people live on coupons, and like medicine and
Greek;

And a very pleasant stipend he is able now to draw
From the active perspiration of his large and manly
 jaw.

He has gotten out a volume, which a leading paper said
Showed a vast amount of learning, and a very level
 head;

And he lectures to the students in the colleges near by;
And he tells about ambition—how a man should do or
 die;

Talks of allegoric eagles flying upward to the sun;
Tells them all about success in life, and how the thing
 is done.

And he lectures those poor students all about the roll
 of fame—

How a man should take a broad-axe, as it were, and
 hew a name;

Talks of noble, high endeavor, and refers in strains
 sublime

To those antiquated footsteps left upon those sands of
 time.

These same lectures have been printed—they're the
 best I ever saw;

But they do not mention Kansas, and they don't refer
 to "draw."

Now, my heart would swell with pathos, and my lan-
 guage fill with gush,

Just to think what nerve it takes to stay behind a bob-
 tail flush;

But, of course, it isn't business for a lecturer to speak
Of such subjects to a people who are so diseased with
Greek.

But if they will send these students to the shore of
Yellow Paint—

To that boulder-drifted shore, where the angry billows
roar,

And the women loudly snore, whether they're asleep or
ain't—

I could tell them in my lecture that there seems to be
a law

That applies as well to greatness, as we know it does
to "draw."

If you have some pairs to draw to, and have only got
the sand,

You may make the world a pauper on the first or sec-
ond hand.

If you have no pair to draw to, you must "ante" and
must wait:

You are likely to be gobbled, but not likely to be great.
Fame is something like the waiter that went roaring
down the hall,

Giving neither bread nor greatness to the man with
one fish-ball.

When the summer moon is beaming on the prairie and
the stream,

When my silver-lighted shanty seems the palace of a
dream.

Then I sit out on my wood pile, and I ponder very fast
O'er the somewhat funny present, and the much more
funny past;

Think of things that might have happened — things forgotten long ago —

How the past had changed the present had it happened so and so.

Then I think about the future, and the turn that things may take;

And I say: Hopes are but dreamings of a person wide awake;

Then I add: Good bye, old Mundane, as to couch and dreams I go,

I'm the bachelor of Paint Creek, and my name is

JOSEPH JOE.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

The falsehoods of the immortal Æsop bear such an appearance of innocence and truth that, as examples, they have been handed down from antiquity, undimmed by suspicion, and unshaken by criticism.

To the young and rising youth, whom tender years for future efforts are shaping, who are yet to go to the legislature, to edit newspapers, run for office, and hold positions of perquisites and emoluments—more especially those who are to be the sole hope for candidates in the future—a study of Æsop's successful efforts are invaluable. Having had to gain experience from conversations with candidates, campaign speeches and telegrams, the translator can imagine how gladly HE would have hailed these models of successful ability, in former years.

The mis-statements and mendacity of Æsop have never been surpassed; as such they are here translated for the scholars of the Paint Creek school, and thrown like bread upon the angry billows of the Yellow Paint.—
TRANSLATOR.

ZEPHYR ET CANINE.

Once a Kansas zephyr strayed
Where a brass-eyed bird pup played,
And that foolish canine bayed
 At that zephyr, in a gay,
 Semi-idiotic way.

Then that zephyr, in about
Half a jiffy, took that pup,
Tipped him over wrong side up,
Then it turned him wrong side out.

And it calmly journeyed thence,
With a barn and string of fence.

HÆC FABULA.

When communities turn loose
Social forces that produce
 The disorders of a gale,
Act upon the well-known law:
Face the breeze, but close your jaw.

 It's a rule that will not fail:
If you bay it, in a gay,
Self-sufficient sort of way,
 It will land you, without doubt,
Upside down and wrong side out.

ANGUIS ET ANGUISH.

Old man Snyder found a snake,
Frozen stiffer than a stake,
 And he tucked it in his breast,
 And he buttoned up his vest.
When the saurian became thawed,
Mr. Snyder became chawed,
 And in one unbroken stream
 He proceeded to blaspheme,
And eradicate the plug
From a little, old brown jug.

Then he took a modest "snort,"
Of, perhaps, about a quart,
 And conversed as if he — well —
 Had profanity to sell.
Year by year, with all his might,
 Snyder tried to cure that bite;
But he didn't have the heft;
 So one day, beside the jug,
 He, while heaving at the plug,
Caught the jim-james and got left.

MORAL.

Any man that is astute, sir,
Keeps his reptiles in his boots, sir;
 But its thinner than a wafer,
Yes, sir, bitterer than borax,
To be gnawed about the thorax,
 One's humanity to pay for.

THE AXE-I-DENT.

Day by day was Thomas seen
On the head of Wolverine,
 And the old primeval rung
 As his five-pound axe he slung;
And he worked with smile and song,
Making "wood-cuts" all day long.
But the wood grew hard to chip,
 So he went to grind his axe;
 But his care becoming lax,
Something run afoul the crank,
And it gave the axe a yank,
And the helve it gave a flip,
And it reached him on the lip;
 Then the unreflecting youth
 Nimbly gulped a first-class tooth.

To the doctor Thomas goes,
And discourses all his woes,
 Worldly, physical and mental;
But the doctor shook his head,
And he very gravely said:
"You have got a *fell* disease,
For in axe-i-dents like these
 Pains are always inside-dental."

SEQUEL.

And he made a lot of pills
Out of 3-x Graham flour,
Saying, "Take one every hour:
They will cure you of your ills."

MORAL.

Any man will loose his grip
If he doesn't feel inclined,
When he has an "axe to grind,"
To be careful of his "lip."

PAVO.

Said a peacock unto Juno,
"What's the reason I can't sing?
See! a tail I can unfold
That is gorgeous to behold.
Tell me, tell me, if you do know,
What's the reason I can't sing,
When I'm such a gorgeous thing?"

Juno, answering the bird,
Half in earnest, half in fun,
Said injustice would be done
If all favors were conferred,
Of the many, upon one.

FABULA DOCT.

Notwithstanding what we wish,
In this world of fact and fate,
Some must fish and some cut bait —
Just a few of us can fish.

See that orphan boy at work,
Working early, working late;
He is learning how to wait,
He is learning not to shirk.

Then observe the rich man's son,
Aping style and making bets —
Smoking idle cigarettes,
Talking chaff and having fun.

Thirteen years is not too late
For that orphan boy to wait;
Then he'll take that rich man's son,
And he'll stop his little fun,
And he'll set him cutting bait.

Then the rich man's son will wish,
As the iron years go by,
And the tears come in his eye,
That he had a chance to fish.

But his wish will come too late,
For the orphan, who meanwhile
Does the fishing, smiles a smile
And compels him to cut bait.

AGRICOLA ET FILIUS.

Brown he runs a farm and ranch
By the billows of Lath Branch,
And he had a son named Jim,
Who had never learned to swim;
And one Sunday Jim was found
Down in Lath Branch partly drowned.

But old Brown knew what to do;
For he somewhere cut a limb,
And he somehow stayed with Jim,
And he somewhat brought him to.

MORAL.

Do not run a farm and ranch
By the billows of Lath Branch.
Men named Brown with boys named Jim,
Ought to teach their boys to swim.
Boys named Jim most always drown
If their other name be Brown.

THE SWELL.

On the walk a hat did lie,
And a gallus chap sailed by,
And he cut a lively swell —
He was clerk in a hotel;

And he gave that hat a kick,
And he came across a brick —
Now upon a crutch he goes,
Minus half a pound of toes.

MORAL.

When you see a person thrown
By misfortune or by vice,
Help him thrice or seven times thrice;
Help him up or let alone.
If you give the man a kick
You may stumble on a brick,
Or a stone.

Fate is liable to frown,
And the best of us go down;
And in just a little while
She is liable to smile.
And the bad luck and the vice
Seem to scatter in a trice,
And to hunt their holes like mice.
And the man you tried to kick
Now has changed into a brick.

PERSIMMONS.

Once a fox, upon the sly,
Some persimmons did behold,
So he got a pole and poled;
But he gave up with a sigh,
And acknowledged his mistake—
The persimmons wouldn't rake.

MORAL.

Then in sorrow he did say,
As he slowly walked away,
Fruit of that kind will elude
All our efforts, I am told,
If the pole with which it's poled
Hasn't got the longitude.

"DRAW."

Through the light-long summer day
Sam the game of "draw" did play;
Through the summer Sammy laughed,
Sang and played the game of draft.
Gay and jolly and serene—
With his breeches of nankeen.

Through the doleful winter days
 Still at poker Sammy plays;
 Gone his songs, and smiles so bland;
 He is waiting for a hand;
 And the winter skies are chill—
 And he wears that nankeen still.

MORAL.

Draft and nankeen go together
 Very well in summer weather,
 But when winter time sets in
 Draft and nankeen get too thin.

THE INVIDIOUS CANINE.

O'er the rough and rocky ridge,
 Leading downward with a path
 To the brittle little bridge
 That is hung across the Lath,
 Came a large, inclement bull dog, full of
 wrath;
 But the canine never tarried,
 In his mouth he something carried—
 Like a miner, wide awake,
 He had been and raised a steak.

Crossing on the bridge, his glance
 To the water thrown by chance,
 Saw another dog and meat
 In precipitate retreat;

Then his onward course he slants,
And attempts to head them off—
And his corpus now conceals
Half a barrellful of eels.

MORAL.

When a man has raised a steak,
If he labors then to make
Some poor neighbor drop his meat,
It insures his own defeat.

No one merchant yet was made
Who could gobble all the trade.
Painfully misfortune pelts
Those who reach for some one else;
No one bull dog yet could eat
Every other bull dog's meat.
If you have a good-sized bone
Let the other dog alone.

LIMBURGER.

On a tree there sat a crow,
In his bill a chunk of cheese;
On the ground, a fox below
Said, "Some music, if you please.
You are beautiful of wing,
And I bet that *you* can sing."

Cheered by flattery, the crow
Sang, and dropped the cheese below;
Then the cunning fox did freeze
To that fallen chunk of cheese,
And he calmly lugged it off,
And he scoffed the song with scoff.

MORAL.

When they pat you on the back,
When they say that you're the one,
When they say they're on the track,
And "have been obliged to run;"
When their compliments denote
They are going for your vote,
You can do just as you please,
But—you'd better watch your cheese.

CAPERS ET CAPER.

From a chimney on the roof
Of the Wilder House hotel,
Did a William goat espy
An old army mule go by;
Spied those vast and sail-like ears —
And he jeered the mule with jeers.

Then the mule he made a tack,
Brought his jib round to the wind,
Main and mizzen ears a-back,
And his starboard eye he skinned;
Then he reached that goat a hoof
That dismissed him from the roof.

SOLILOQUY.

Morals two this tale will teach:
First, There isn't any rule
That will cypher out the reach
Of an ancient army mule;
Second, There are many dangers
In mis-estimating strangers.

THE LIFE INSURANCE AGENT AND
THE POST AUGER.

Very skillfully and fast,
Boring post-holes in the soil,
Worked an honest son of toil;
An insurance agent passed,
Saying, "Such a 'perfect bore'
I have never seen before."
Then he sort of caught his breath,
And he talked that man to death.

HÆC FABULA.

Strange it is, somehow or other
We are bound to make a fuss,
When we notice in another
Vices that belong to us.

THE UNSOCIABLE MILESTONES.

Strung along a highway stood
Twenty milestones made of wood,
Undisturbed by storm or weather;
And the jokers said their say,
As they passed along the way:
How unsociable are they —
Milestones never get together.

But the milestones cared not whether
It were worse or it were best —
Undisturbed by jeer or jest,
Two were never seen together;
Duty made them what they were.
And they did not care to stir.

MORAL.

Men there are whose work, whose place,
Is, like milestones, to mark out
Both the distance and the route;
Both the destiny and way,
In the progress of the race.

Should they mingle with the throng
That moves thoughtlessly along,
Then their duty they betray;
Lonesome, very lonesome, they;
But unmoved by hope or fear,
Undisturbed by jest or jeer,
There their duty—and they stay.

SUCKER AND SALAMANDER.

AN AQUARIUM STORY.

In an ornamental jar,
Filled with blazing, red-hot tar,
Did a salamander swim;
In a thousand jolly ways
He disported in the blaze—
It was fun alive for *him*.

With a less display of rank,
Swam a sucker in a tank,
And unto himself he said:
Would that I were in his place,
Swimming in that blazing vase,
And that he were in my stead.

An attendant heard the speech,
And he changed them each with each.

Then the salamander sank
To the bottom of the tank,
 In inanimate repose;
While the sucker curled and died,
Looking just as peeled and fried
 As a Democratic nose.

MORAL.

Souls of fire may dare the fire,
May aspire
 To rule the fire;
But the element consumes
Any SUCKER who presumes.

THE LIGHTNING-BUG AND THE
SKEETER.

Once a lightning-bug did fly
 With a skeeter down the street,
One hot evening in July,
 And these words he did repeat:
“See me shine! see me shine!”
But the skeeter gave no sign
Of ambition or design,
 And these words he did repeat:
“None in mine! none in mine!”

Then an urchin, quick as scat.
 With an agitated face
And an antiquated hat,
To the lightning-bug gave chase,
Then the skeeter joined the race;
 Looked the ragged urchin o'er;
Picked an unprotected place,
 And he helped himself to gore.

DOCET.

Life is somewhat Janus-faced:
 Look the situation o'er,
Join the throng, and go for gore,
 Or—be brilliant and get chased.

NEUTRALIA;
OR
LOVE, PHILOSOPHY AND WAR.
[My friend's story.]

CHAPTER I.

Well! they fired upon Fort Sumter; I applied for a commission,
And I got it through the efforts of a one-horse politician,
And assumed the fearful grandeur that befitted the position.
Being young, I got a detail on the staff of General Skubobs;
Then I went and bought a quantity of military dubbos —
First, a lot of gilded buttons, feathers, shoulder-straps and sashes,
Then a little gilt-edged sabre, made for cutting swells — not gashes;
Then I went and bought my orderly a gorgeous coal-black charger,
For myself I bought another that was just as black, and larger;
Then with princely grace displayed them at the general's headquarters,
And I signed "by order of," to the military orders.

Now I pledge my sacred honor that there's nothing
that could charm me
Like a detail at the office of a man that ran an army;
And, I'll tell you confidentially, I honored the position,
And I served with much *eclat*, (if you know its defini-
tion.)

Very senseless is the public, very obstinate and mulish,
In its reverence for trifles that are nothing else than
foolish;
And it honors gilded buttons—makes no odds where
it may find them—
But it never sees the person who is standing up be-
hind them.

CHAPTER II.

What the world at large calls "rank" is a most im-
posing building,
An enormous pasteboard palace, decked with minarets
and gilding;
Sages may pronounce it empty, and the preachers,
transitory,
But it isn't any difference as long as it is GLORY.

Go and galvanize a peddler, go and get the man a
scepter:
Won't he run his little kingdom just as if he'd always
kept her?
Go and stick a lot of tinsel and some gilded buttons
on him:
Don't the princely little notions settle suddenly upon
him?

Yes, before this piece of tinseling, the world's vertebral
column,

Ain't it bended in a manner that is comically solemn?

Go and get a third-class drayman, stupid, awkward as
a camel:

I can wrap him up in purple, I can dope him with
enamel;

Then I'll call the man a "monarch," and will put him
in a palace,

And I'll peg some courtiers round him, dressed con-
spicuously gallus;

Then I'll gamble off my raiment, that, as certain as I
try it —

That as sure as I invest him with the potent, royal
fiat —

All the world will rush to honor him, in one convulsive
riot.

As regards these sage reflections, it is very much es-
sential

That you keep them to yourself, for I got them confi-
dential.

Just as soon as I had heard them, off I went and bought
a sabre,

And resolved to go for GLORY, on some body else's labor;
And my dreamings of the future, with their hues kalei-
doscoptic,

Painted me a taurine youth with a very vitreous optic.

Then unto myself I said: While these skies are so propitious,
I will go and see the elephant, and be like old Fabricius;
So I went and took a detail at the general's headquarters,
And I signed his name, and mine, to the military orders.

CHAPTER III.

Near the post where we were stationed was a city,
large and growing,
And its avenues and houses were with business overflowing;
On the hills, beyond the echo of the fierce commercial scramble,
Were the private houses builded, with magnificence Alhambral.

And the handsome, happy maidens, in unending swarms,
were flocking
Down the sidewalks, through the city, stopping, shopping,
and a-blocking
Up the pavements; while the gay boys were continually
dashing
Through the highways, with the lightning-legged horse-flesh
they were lashing.
I had scarcely made an entrance to my military station
Ere the city balls and parties sent me up an invitation;
There was one thing very certain, I was far from being
handsome,
But I am willing to affirm that I thought that I could
dance some.

And through all this vale of sorrow, I was never known
to shirk a
Chance to enter in the spirit of a waltz or a mazurka;
And I find by computation that I've worn out many
millions
Of this white Wisconsin flooring lumber, dancing square
cotillions.

Well! the gilded soldier buttons I was wearing seemed
to blind 'em,
While unseen, unknown and friendless, I was standing
up behind 'em;
But with many happy moments my official stay was
flavored,
And I found myself a guest, even more than honored,
favored.

CHAPTER IV.

Well! there came a grand old soiree, and the city all
attended,
And the hall was hung with flags and flowers, and decorations splendid;
And the chandeliers were shaded with a tissue gauze
that sent a
Sort of sifted light—suffused with a delicate magenta.

And the splendid jewels glistened, and the ribbons and
the laces
In the tinted light seemed floating, like the drapery of
graces;

And the rich brocaded textures, with their rash, peculiar rustle,
Roared a ceaseless, sullen bass, to the all pervading bustle.

Round the room the ladies floated, in their moire antique and satin,
While the men, behind large smiles, bowed to this'n and to that'n,
And the floor was full of waltzers, and the air was laughter laden,
While the orchestra, it sobbed like a broken-hearted maiden.

And it moaned, and shrieked, and sobbed, in a wail for human folly,
While the fiddlers chewed tobacco and looked very solemncolly;
Then above the caller's calling, and the wild, tempestuous chatter,
Rose the grand combined results of the aggregated clatter.

It was just about this moment that I made a sudden entry,
That I added to the list of the dithyrambic gentry,
And I hardly had the time to appreciate it fully,
When a chap I didn't know said the thing was mighty bully.

I demanded then who HE was, and I frowned upon the creature;
He confessed his name was Boggs, that his father was a preacher;
Then inquired of me who I was, and I said I was an aid-de-
Camp upon the staff of Skubobs; then he said there was a lady
That he'd like to have me dance with; I replied that I was willing,
But I thought I really needed some preliminary drilling;
But he said it was no matter, and he thought that I would answer,
For the lady he would find me was a very charming dancer.

She would show me through the changes, if I needed the instruction;
Then I told him to propel with his threatened introduction;
Now, my backwardness was "stuff," for I had a certain notion
That I simply was immense on the "poetry of motion."
Well! of human nature's phases, it's the funniest and oddest,
When a man of frightful cheek makes an effort to be modest.

CHAPTER V.

Yes, I took the introduction; Boggs alleged her name was Laura;
So I made my finest bow, and I eyed the lady for a-

Bout a half a dozen seconds; then I asked her to de-
termine
If she'd have me for a partner in the next ensuing
German;
Then she smiled like the Madonna, and she told me
"Yes" so neatly,
That I drifted out to sea, and she captured me com-
pletely.

I have heard them talk of Guido, of Vandyke, and of
Florello;
But I'll take my deposition that there never was a
fellow
Who could plaster any pigment onto canvas, or on
paper,
Or could ever make a picture that could ever hold a
taper,
Or could ever be compared, as to happiness of feature,
Or to symmetry of form, with the sunny-hearted crea-
ture
That was pointed out by Boggs, the descendant of the
preacher.

Let old Virgil praise the naiads of the rapid, blue
Eurotas,
Spokeshave dance his airy fairies on the light leaves of
the lotos,
If you set them down by Laura, they would never get
a notice;
She had such a calm, bland way, and her tongue was
never running,
In an endless, eager effort to say something very cun-
ning;

And she looked you in the eye when she spoke or when
she listened,
And you always knew her feelings by the way her blue
eyes glistened.

There may be a woman fairer, with more elegant de-
meanor,
With more useful information, calmer, lovelier, serener—
But, if there be such a woman, this deponent hath not
seen her.

CHAPTER VI.

On her finger gleamed a diamond, with prismatic hues
incessant,
On her neck a string of pearls, solid moonlight, opales-
cent;
And upon her arms two bracelets, representing sprays
of laurel,
With their petioles of gold and their foliage of coral.

Or, at least, they say she wore them on the evening of
the soiree;
If she did, I never saw them—all I thought or saw was
Laura;
But I guess she must have worn them, for the pompous,
ugly Madam
Parvenoodle since informed me that “old Banger’s
daughter had ’em;”
But that all of Laura’s jewels were much cheaper and
much duller,
And inferior to hers, both in brilliancy and color.

Now, this Madam Parvenoodle, who disparaged every-
 body,
 Was the very beau-ideal aristocracy of shoddy,
 And her husband made his money, if I am not much
 mistaken,
 On a recent army contract on some ancient army bacon;
 And, throughout her wide acquaintance, she divided up
 her slander
 As between her friends and enemies, with most impar-
 tial candor;
 And she had a way of talking so that folks could un-
 derstand her.

Well, that night has flown forever, with its floor so
 smoothly waxen!
 Gone are all those chestnut ringlets—gone those
 tresses brown and flaxen;
 Gone those stand-up paper collars—gone that faultless
 Anglo-Saxon;
 But they glitter in my fancy like the distant multi-he-
 dral
 Steeples, domes and sunlit turrets, of some beautiful
 cathedral.

CHAPTER VII.

All the next day, and the next, that succeeded the
 grand soiree,
 I was crazy as a June bug, all I thought of was Miss
 Laura;
 All the office work got tangled with the thoughts of
 "fields Elysian,"
 And the ink was slung regardless of a requisite pre-
 cision;

All the post returns got mixed, all the details and the orders.

Till old Skubobs made remark that my mind seemed on the borders

Of insanity or tremens — said he thought he could discover

Sad. cerebral indications of the drunkard or the lover.

Here he tipped a knowing twinkle at the cavalry inspector,

Colonel Skopendyke, and Chopemup, the medical director.

That was well enough for Skubobs; but the sutler chipped in boldly

With an old azoic joke, and I told him, somewhat coldly,

That if any individual should start a conversation

That would make this girl the subject of the slightest observation,

I would jam his *os frontalis*, (that's a Latin name I borrowed

For a bone a person carries, I believe it's in his forehead.)

If there's any human being that can claim my deep aversion.

It's a sutler in the army — it may be a foul aspersion;

But when moralists are satirizing avarice and mammon,

Let the philanthropic skeptic, who inclines to think it's gammon,

Watch a regimental sutler selling "bitters" and canned salmon.

Skubobs was a nice old man, very courteous and pleasant,
 Brave as a Nemean lion, in a battle omnipresent;
 He appreciated fun, was a dignified old joker,
 Was a splendid judge of horseflesh, was an everlasting smoker,
 Punished ardent spirits mildly, was a perfect whale at poker;
 And he knew his occupation, for he'd had a life-time training
 In the theory of war, and the practice of campaigning.

CHAPTER VIII.

There is something in a flag, and a little burnished eagle,
 That is more than emblematic, it is glorious, it's regal.
 You may never live to feel it, you may never be in danger,
 You may never visit foreign lands, and play the *role* of stranger;
 You may never in the army check the march of an invader,
 You may never on the ocean cheer the swarthy cannon-ader;
 But if these should happen to you, then, when age is on you pressing,
 And your great, big, booby boy comes to ask your final blessing —
 You will tell him: Son of mine, be your station proud or frugal,
 When your country calls her children, and you hear the blare of bugle,

Don't you stop to think of Kansas, or the quota of your
county,
Don't you go to asking questions, don't you stop for
pay or bounty,
But you volunteer at once; and you go where orders
take you,
And obey them to the letter, if they make you or they
break you;
Hunt that flag, and then stay with it, be you wealthy
or plebeian;
Let the women sing the dirges, scrape the lint and
chant the pæan.

Though the magazines and journals teem with anti-war
persuasion,
And the stay-at-homes and cowards gladly take the like
occasion,
Don't you ever dream of asking, "Is the war a right or
wrong one?"
You are in it, and your duty is to make the fight a
strong one.
And you stay till it is over, be the war a short or long
one;
Make amends when war is over, then the power with
you is lying,
Then, if wrong, do ample justice—but that flag, you
keep it flying;
If that flag goes down to ruin, time will then, without
a warning,
Turn the dial back to midnight, and the world must
wail till morning.

CHAPTER IX.

Well! to shorten this narration, and prevent undue expansion

Of a melancholy story, I will merely say, the mansion
Of old Banger saw me often, in response to invitation,
As the choice, acknowledged "brute" of the "fairest
of creation."

And the fairest used to send me a diurnal little glyptic
Of the hiero-variety — that demoiselle lucific;
And to parties, balls and concerts we did very often go
forth,
And we talked of love and romance, moonshine, poetry,
and so forth.

By the sacred muses nine, and the elves and fairies
with 'em,
You can just presume to reckon that I got to slinging
rhythm;
Oh, the way I set 'em up — this young lady of Caucasian
Antecedents, from her lover, got a stated daily ration
Of consolidated "bosh," done up somewhat in this
fashion:

CHAPTER X.

(Ahem!)

Am I but the sport of fancy?

Necromancy,

Has she taken

Me in charge?

My ideas, are they shattered,
So that scattered
They forsaken
Roam at large?
Oh, I'm crazy as a loon!
For this very afternoon
Down the street I saw her sailing like a barge.

There's a certain sort of feeling
That comes stealing
Over me
When around her;
Every one has an ideal.
Is mine real?
Can it be,
Have I found her?
Is it she, is it not?
That's the question I have got —
It's a question I am going to propound her.

Never was a knight more eager
To beleaguer
Any town
That was walled;
Or to batter
Castles flatter
At the bidding of a crown
When it called
Than am I, and I would go
Almost anywhere, you know.
Why! I'd lay the mountains low,

Miss my dinner,
Catch a comet, scare an earthquake, drain the ocean;
Crack a planet like a nut, stop the motion
Of the sun and moon and stars, if I could win her.

CHAPTER XI.

It's a fact that's very certain, man is naturally stupid,
And he somehow falls in love, and he lays it all to Cupid;
And he goes to rhapsodizing, and his comprehension
 narrow
Shields his idiotic folly with the allegoric arrow.

And he throws away his time, and he throws away his
 talents —
That's the way it was with me, and I guess I'm like the
 balance;
And he loses just that moment all his judgment and
 discretion,
When a female little woman gets him fairly in possession.

When a man is "dead in love," the successful rumina-
 tion
Of the plainest kind of gum is a difficult vocation.
"Ah! this thing they call affection is a thing that's very
 shifting,"
Argued Skopendyke, the colonel, when he saw my mat-
 ters drifting;
"I had better cut him out, better give the youth a lift-
 ing —

Yes, I'll break up these arrangements, for I know that
he'll be gladder

In a dozen years from now, than he would be if he had
her;

And I'll get the girl myself, and the wedding vow will
pass its

Sort of warranty conveyance to old Banger's specie
assets."

Then he started in to do it, and he got an introduction,
And before I knew my danger he was carrying destruc-
tion

On the right flank and the left, through my hopes and
my ambitions,

And assaulting, one by one, all my salient positions.

This same colonel was a person very chatty, very fluent,
Full of talky-talk and smiles, and a perfect social truant;
He had never been contented, he had always been a
rambler,

He was everywhere at home, an adventurer and gambler;
He was just the style of person so successful in re-
cruiting,

And it got him a commission; but when bugles got to
tooting,

He skipped back and "grabbed a root;" for he couldn't
stand the shooting;

He had not the slightest symptom of a shadow of a
fraction

Of a principle of honor or integrity of action;

He had flown o'er land and sea, as a sort of human
condor,

Seeking for a girl and fortune he could pounce upon
and squander.

So, in dealing with a woman there was nothing to restrict him,
One could never be his idol, one could always be his victim;
And there isn't a canal that has ever yet succeeded
In developing a mule having half the cheek that he did.

CHAPTER XII.

When the status of affairs came before my observation,
I lit out for Laura's mansion. and embraced — the first occasion
To suggest how much I liked her; when I had her mind refreshed on
That to me important topic, I propounded her a question:
Would she have me? would she not? She requested me to bother
That outlandish old persimmon that she called her DEAR, KIND father;
Well! I tipped back in my "cheer," found the armholes of my "weskit,"
Stuck my thumbs in — viewed the ceiling — and — concluded — that — I'd "resk" it.

Old man Banger was a crabbed, overbearing, cross-grained banker,
And he held onto his money like a ship does to its anchor.
That a poor man could be honest was a fact he always scouted;
That the end of man was money was a postulate undoubted.

And he worked, and tugged, and worked, with the grim
determination

That he'd gobble all the currency there was in circulation.

Life for him had just two virtues, and these two he always noticed;

They were, "never overdraw," and "protect your note from protest."

When I went to interview him—Laura's dear, beloved
"paternal"—

There I found him in his office, in the evening, with
the colonel;

And the colonel was a-bragging of the wealth that HE
was wielding;

Of the real estate HE owned, and the rental it was
yielding,

And he went on telling Banger how his ardent love
was centered

On the blue-eyed little Laura, when I came, and
knocked, and entered.

Just as soon as I beheld them, I as quickly apprehended
That my goose had just been cooked, and my love affair
was ended;

But I could not stop my action, it was too late to re-
trace it,

And although I saw my danger, I determined I would
face it.

CHAPTER XIII.

All I had to say I said; but a glimmer of discredit
Overcame old Banger's features just the moment that I
 said it;
And he rose upon his feet, and he paced the room a
 minute,
And he kept his eye upon me with a world of sarcasm
 in it.

“Want my daughter, little Laura! well, I guess that I
 can answer,
If you'll give me just a little information in advance,
 sir:
How much ‘coupons’ are you worth, how much ‘ducats’
 can you put up?
This ‘collateral’s’ the stuff. How much ‘assets’ do
 you foot up?
Little Laura is expensive, and I don't want you to
 court her
If you haven't got ‘securities’ sufficient to support
 her.”

Here we opened out our belfry, and replied: “Severial
 dollars’
Worth of recklessness and shape, and a box of paper
 collars.”
And we weighed him out a chunk, (on that bone that's
 got that Latin
Name we spoke of once before,) and of course he had to
 flatten.

Then we turned upon the colonel, saying: "John, we've
brought your saddle
Home and hung it on the floor." Here the colonel did
skedaddle
Through the door that we had opened for his egress,
and he ran on
Down the street, as if we'd shot him from a twelve-inch
rifled cannon.

Then we took old Banger home in a 'bus that happened
handy,
And we bade him an adieu on the steps of his veranda;
And for many days thereafter Banger toted a proboscis
That was big enough to fit on the Rhodian colossus.

On the next day came our grief — hope showed nothing
to abridge it —
Laura wore the colonel's ring on her left, engagement
digit;
And we thought when we beheld her view us coldly like
a stoic,
That we'd go and do a something most romantic'ly
heroic.

CHAPTER XIV.

I can give you a prescription that will always make a
hero:
Go and get a full-fledged lover and reduce his hopes to
zero;
Get a man that loves a woman with devotion pure and
steady,
Let the woman "go back on him," and your hero is all
ready;

Now just turn him loose and watch him: See, old Cerberus, he cringes!
See! the red-hot gates are beaten from their solid, brazen hinges.
And HELL'S blue platinum standards he is sabring into fringes;
And he's dealing harsh percussion, with a violence volcanic,
On the hacked and battered helmet of his majesty Satanic,
Who calls wildly on his squadrons, that are crumbling into panic.

I was feeling very ugly at the present trying juncture,
And I made my mind up fully that I really ought to puncture
Colonel S.'s epidermis, as a moral obligation,
When old Skubobs got an order for a sudden change of station.
And in eighty hours thereafter we were trying hard to plant a
Little striped piece of bunting on the bastions of Atlanta;
And the vibratory roaring of the Parrot and the mortar
Gave me something else to think of in the place of Banger's daughter.
Who a thousand miles in safety from the carnival infernal,
Was a-dreaming of the danger of her rich and absent colonel;
Who, not fancying the danger, got a detail of employ
Buying horses for our army corps in southern Illinois

All communities are cannon—intellect is ammunition;
Man is simply a projectile, flung with more or less precision,
And the more you jam him down, if he only has the powder.
Why, the higher up he goes, and the gun it roars the louder.
And the globe-sight of that cannon is a woman, and her station
Is to give the rash projectile proper flight and elevation—
To the sky or to the mud it must go at her dictation.

CHAPTER XV.

Well, we chawed 'em at Atlanta—we whaled 'em, we flailed 'em.
And we raced them down through Georgia, till they didn't know what ailed 'em;
And we sang and marched a-fighting, and we fit and sang a-marching.
And we left a belt of charcoal through a country scathed and parching.
But the grub gave out at last, GLORY could no more elate us,
And we sighed for rice and mule-pie, and we foraged sweet potatoes;
Till at last old Sherman told us: “Boys, we're just o-bleeged to reach a
Little fleet of grub that's floating at the mouth of the Ogeechee;

But a fort, my cherished bummers, lies between you
and the water,
And we've got to live on yams till you thieves have
gone and got her;
It's a perfect little daisy, and will have to be scaladed;
All the parapets are steep, scarp and glacis palisaded,
And the pathway of attack will be five-fold enfiladed."
Then he turned and asked old Hazen if he thought his
thieves could make it.
"Make it!" said old Hazen, "make it! ain't they just
o-bleeged to take it!"

Oh, the way that we went for it! and in just a holy
minute
We were through it, round it, under it, and over it and
in it;
Oh, the way we just went through 'em—like a regi-
ment of tunnels!
Till we struck our broad supply ships, with their fum-
ing, fiery funnels,
And with rations on their decks, piled six yards above
the "gunnells."

"See the bummers!" said old Sherman, with most ele-
gant emotion,
"Ain't their heads as horizontal as the boozom of the
ocean?"

Old Tecumseh, he "sasha'd" in a manner very frantic,
And lean Corse, of steep Altoona, he was equally as
antic:
They had finished the campaign from Atlanta to Atlan-
tic.

Then beside the tireless ocean did we cheer the spangled
banner,
And sing "Good bye, 'Lizer Jane," in an incoherent
manner.

CHAPTER XVI.

What was little Laura doing? She was reading hasty
snatches,
Here and there, of grand, old battles, in the rapid press
dispatches;
She was looking through the papers for her rich, high-
minded suitor —
He, the bravo of a parlor, he, the dashing, gay re-
cruiter —
Who had gambled and kept bar, from McGregor down
to Natchez —
It was he that she was seeking in the rapid press dis-
patches.

Then she said: "If I shall find him with the wounded,
dead or dying,
It will be with FAME's bay chaplet on his manly bosom
lying.
So intrepid and so fearless — ah! my colonel, my Apollo,
Being led by such as thou art, who is he that dares
not follow?

"All the world shall be emblazoned with thy rash, mag-
netic valor" —
Here she stopped to read a moment, and her face it
blanched with pallor,

For she read a little "local," how the colonel, up at
Cairo,
Went and gambled off his money at a little game called
"faro."
With about a hundred thousand he had wisely been en-
trusted,
So he hunted up a "tiger," and he stayed with it till
busted;
And he hadn't bought a horse — so the colonel rose and
"dusted."
But they captured him at last, and they gave him an
impartial
Sort of trial down at Memphis, at a general court mar-
tial;
And because he fed the tiger with some cash that wasn't
his'n,
They contracted for his labor in a military prison.

Little Laura reads the local; not upon her taper finger
Does the amethystine circlet of the colonel longer linger,
But she throws it from her, shrieking — and the blue-
eyed little dreamer,
Swooning on the Brussels carpet, lies without a single
tremor.

CHAPTER XVII.

Many years have past and ended — Colonel Skopendyke
is buried;
General Skubobs reached the Senate, his opponent being
ferried

Up a salt, salciferous streamlet in the kingdom of Kentucky,

Just because his name wa'n't Skubobs, which was certainly unlucky.

And old Skubobs he is honest, draws his mileage and per diem;

There are some who do not like him, but there's no one that can buy him;

And he's never absent-minded, and you never see him walking

Off and leave his mouth behind him in the Senate chamber talking.

Boggs, the preacher's son, has vanished; from reports, as far as we know,

He is up in Kansas City and a-canvassing for keno;

Years ago, in Cowley county, with a little twelve-inch breaker,

He produced a crop of sod-corn, sixteen bushels to the acre;

And he platted out a city, but he couldn't show a corner
Any corners, for the grass had grown so fearfully that summer.

Doctor Chopemup, the surgeon, he has lately gone to giving

Good advice instead of pills, and he makes an honest living;

He has quit inspecting pulses and regenerating eye-balls,

And has gone to spreading tracts, and a-hammering on Bibles.

As he couldn't save men's bodies, he assumed the useful task a-
Saving all the balance of 'em, up in Omaha, Nebraska;
His best hold is "immortality," and he gives it to
them monthly,
And the deacons wake the snorers when he reaches
"twenty-onethly."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Old man Banger is a pauper. When the banks began
to crumble,
And the price of gold was falling, he was ruined in the
tumble.

All his money and his courage simultaneously left him,
And unceasingly he murmurs at the bad luck that be-
reft him.

Since his money has departed he has nothing left but
timor,
All that mercenary arrogance has gone without a glim-
mer;
Money made him and unmade him, it was all that could
sustain him;
Fortune taking it away irretrievably had slain him.
Now a dreary monomania is slowly o'er him stealing—
A sort of "he-who-enters-here-leaves-hope-behind-him"
feeling.

Any man is BRAVE with money; braver far is he with-
out it
Who dares always act uprightly, and not fret himself
about it.

We should keep our faith and courage; if calamities
assail us,
If misfortunes swoop down on us, like the vultures of
Stymphalus,
It will never do to weaken, it is cowardice to fly them;
Dolike old Troilian Ajax—strike an attitude, defy them.
If we waver and fall back, Faté will ever then be urging
Us like quarry slaves at night-fall, homeward to our
dungeon scourging.

Madam Parvenoodle's husband is a prominent civilian,
He has sweetened Uncle Samuel for over half a million;
Wherefore Madam got religious, and she jined the church
for morals,
And she prates about her Bible, and her neighbors, and
their quarrels;
And she says she's got a Saviour, and a spanking span
of sorrels.

Every man and every woman, irrespective of position,
Is a living, breathing romance, be they pauper or pa-
trician.
Each day's doings make a pamphlet, which we bind in
gold and velvet,
And beside preceding volumes in our memory we shelve
it.

When at evening, tired of labor at the counter, shop or
forum,
In our stocking feet we saunter into memory's sancto-
rum,

We unshelve these treasured volumes, and we silently
look o'er 'em;
Then we find, oh, fickle Hope! how you always hold back
from us
Just the very things we need, just the very things you
promise.

CHAPTER XIX.

When the work of day has ended, and the evening shuts
the skylight,
When the Northern Crown and Hydra stand transfig-
ured in the twilight,
When Orion's blazing girdle gleams with hues of gold
and lilacs,
And around the pole careening whirls the phantom
Arcto-Phylax,
Oft I go to read these pamphlets, in the alcove where I
store them;
In the parlor of my memory, I one by one look o'er them.
Wars are schoolings of the nations, and the records
ante-bellum
Are, like palimpsests, o'erwritten in vermilion, gold and
vellum.

From the shelves I take them gently, with their gold
and velvet covers,
One by one I turn their pages, read of heroines and
lovers;
Read of recklessness in man, read of constancy in woman,
Read of marches and of sieges, and endurance superhu-
man,
Which the intervening years with prismatic hues illu-
mine.

Then my fancies change to dreaming, and the chandelier
burns dimmer,
And its rays begin to waver, with a pale, unsteady
glimmer;
And they wander o'er the ceiling, and the sofa, floor
and curtain,
With irresolute demeanor, chilly, gloomily, uncertain;
And they quarrel with the shadows, which they vainly
try to banish,
Then they gather up their forces and mysteriously
vanish.

All at once come indications of a strange, odylie presence,
And the atmosphere and room teem with magic phosphorescence;
Brighter grows the room and brighter, and each coming
moment tripples,
On the floor and walls the lustre of the live, electric
ripples.

And they stand in bold relief, every moment growing
bolder,
Till I feel some unseen fingers rest their weight upon
my shoulder;
Then I feel the thermal currents of some mild, mes-
meric aura,
And it whispers — I awaken — 'twas the blue-eyed little
Laura.

ADIEU.

Oft the reasonance of rhymes
Future hearts and distant times
 May impress;
Shall humanity to me,
Like my Kansas prairies, be
 Echoless ?

IRONQUILL.



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